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Lionel Hampton

THE NAT TOWLES STORY / ALBERT McCARTHY

MUSICIANS are probably no less prone than collectors to viewing some aspects of the past with nostalgia, yet it has become clear to me over the years that their evaluations are seldom without substance. In discussions of the territory bands with numerous musicians a general pattern of agreement amongst them usually emerges after a while, and I have been impressed with the unanimity of judgement on which were



BUDDY TATE

"BASIE WOULDN'T HAVE TOUCHED OUR BAND. WE CAUGHT HIS BROADCAST WHEN HE OPENED AT THE GRAND TERRACE, AND WE WOULD HAVE TORN HIS BAND APART."

(Buddy Tate on the Nat Towles Orchestra. *Jazz Monthly*. April 1959)

the really outstanding groups. I first became interested in Nat Towles through the writings of Frank Driggs and as a result of talking to Hal Singer and Buddy Tate, but recently details of his earlier career contained in the books *New Orleans Jazz - A Family Album* by Al Rose and Edmond Souchon, and *Preservation Hall Portraits* by Noel Rockmore, Larry Borenstein and Bill Russell, both published by the Louisiana State University Press, filled gaps in the story. I have also made use of the only published interview with Towles, in *Down Beat* of June 15, 1944, an excellent discographical outline of Towles's orchestra by Otto Fluckiger and Kurt Mohr in *Jazz Statistics* of May 1959, and a fascinating article by Preston Love in *Sounds and Fury* for July - August 1965. Ian Crosbie, Frank Driggs (through numerous writings) have also been most helpful, but what new information is contained in this article and the clarification of many previously obscure facts is the result of an interview with trumpeter Harold 'Money' Johnson to whom I am greatly indebted for unfailing patience and courtesy in answering a barrage of questions on the subject of the Towles band. We shall, as a matter of interest, be printing an article on Mr. Johnson in a subsequent issue. A.McC.

NAT TOWLES was born in New Orleans on August 10th, 1905, the eldest of ten children—six boys, four girls. His father, Phil Towles, Sr., and mother, Carrie Towles, were both musicians and along with two of Phil's brothers—Luke and John Towles—organised their own band in New Orleans which was quite well known in the 'thirties. Nat Towles himself commenced his professional career early in the 'twenties, having started to study the violin at his father's insistence in 1914, but before long he switched to the string bass, his early idols being Wellman Braud and Simon Marrero. In the *Down Beat* interview mentioned above he commented:-

"My first real job was with the Melody Jazz Band, Gus Metcalf leader, back in 1922. The next year I played with Red Allen's crew, Kid Faco on drums, young Joe Robichaux on piano, Frank Pasley (actually Pashley. A.McC.) on banjo, and Young Morgan, Al's brother (Isaiah Morgan. A.McC.), on clarinet. Mostly I just jobbed around. Every time you'd play a date, there'd be a different band. They'd just hire a leader, and the leader would get a group together. You could play with four or five different orchestras at the same time. There were only a few organised bands. Robichaux, the old man, had the one that played the Lyric



NAT TOWLES

Theatre. Fate Marable ran the Capitol band on the river. I worked with him in 1925. Fate had the biggest band in New Orleans, Twelve pieces including two pianos! We thought that was great."

In the same interview, with John Lucas, Towles claims that the band on the Capitol included Louis Armstrong, back in New Orleans for a vacation, Edmond Hall, Robert Hall (Edmond's brother), Paul Barbarin, a female pianist called Todd - almost certainly Camilla Todd - and a trombonist called Morris, probably Eddie Morris. Curiously enough he does not mention his own band, Nat Towles's Creole Harmony Kings, but from 1923 to at least 1927 he led this group in New Orleans and toured with it throughout the Southwest, a photograph taken in 1926 that is printed in *New Orleans Jazz - A Family Album* showing Herb Morand (trumpet), Bill Matthews (trombone), Wallingford Hughes (sax), Frank Pashley (banjo), Nat Towles (string bass), and Louis Mahier (drums). The personnel of the group seemed a regular one, with clarinetist Ernest 'Kid' Moliere often added on clarinet, Jim Williger later replacing Mahier, and pianist Octave Crosby and trombonist Jim Benarby sometimes deputising on odd dates. No later than early in 1926 this group played a three month engagement at Yucatan, Mexico, with Octave Crosby added for the occasion and Jim Benarby, who died later the same year, substituting for Matthews. The type of music that this group played can only be a matter of conjecture, but with musicians like Morand and Matthews in the personnel it is reasonable to assume that it was undoubtedly jazz. Interestingly enough, Towles comments in the interview with Lucas: "That story about two-beat drummers being all the rage in New Orleans is nothing but a myth. Why, Kid Faco and Zutty (Singleton) both played four-beat regularly! That Faco was some drummer, and Red Happy was even better, the greatest drummer in New Orleans in fact! He played the show, *Steppin' High*, and then came back home to work with old Joe Robichaux. He was killed in an accident in 1925 or 1926. Tubas weren't so popular as some like to make out, either, though Foster could sure play one like mad. I never took it up."

BEFORE leaving Towles's New Orleans period it is worth quoting his opinions on trumpeters, occasioned by John Lucas playing him Wild Bill Davison's recording of *Panama*:-

FUTURE ISSUES

THE March *Jazz Monthly* will include a detailed interview with Benny Waters by Peter Vacher, Dave Gelly's reflections on the decline of the big band tradition, a review of discographical publications including the second thousand sheets of Walter Bruyninckx's *50 Years Of Recorded Jazz 1917 - 1967*, and Alun Morgan's *Collector's Notes*. We shall shortly be publishing a lengthy review of Gunther Schuller's *Early Jazz* by Max Harrison, and an article on the Erskine Hawkins band by Ian Crosbie.

"Nobody could play that tune like Kid Rena, nobody! That was his best number. There were three trumpeters I'll never forget, Armstrong, Rena and Kid Punch, Ernest Miller you know. I heard Bix, and he was also very fine. Punch played a certain song called *Why*, but he never recorded it. You should have heard him go on that one! Petit and Papa Celestin were big shots. Johnnie Dunn wasn't as great as the others, but he recorded with Mamie Smith and got the jump on the rest. I guess Bunny Berigan was the only white trumpeter who really had what it takes."

In 1929 Towles left New Orleans with a band known as the Seven Black Aces, led by banjoist Thomas Benton, the remainder of the personnel, apart from Towles, being Herman Moran on trumpet, Bill Matthews on trombone, Wallingford Hughes on reeds, Thomas Taylor on drums, and a pianist called Shaw. Benton had played with Jimmie Noone as early as 1915 and did not return to New Orleans again, the Seven Black Aces breaking up in 1930. It is necessary to comment here that New Orleans musicians, other than the famous names, undoubtedly travelled a great deal during the 'twenties and 'thirties, the lack of proper documentation on this subject being in part due to the peculiar bias of so many of the researchers into New Orleans jazz. From 1930 until 1934 Towles's movements are somewhat obscure, though it appears that he gigged around New Orleans, Shreveport, Dallas and, once again, Mexico. In 1934, along with Buddy Tate and trumpeter Al Johnson, Towles joined a band in Little Rock, Arkansas led by pianist Ethel Mays, remaining with it for about a year. In 1935 Towles led a group in Dallas that included Buster Smith, Joe Keyes and Buddy Tate, though it folded after a short while, with Smith rejoining Count Basie, Keys going to Minneapolis to join Rook Ganz's band, and Tate going over to Andy Kirk. However, later in the same year Tate went back to Wiley College in Marshall, Texas and played with the college band, and Towles having secured some good engagements took over the group as the nucleus of a big band. In 1936 he switched his centre of operations from Dallas to Omaha and in the next few years achieved a considerable fame throughout the Midwest.

By 1936 the personnel of the band was stable and the line-up was Nat Bates, Harold 'Money' Johnson, Weldon Snead (trumpets), Archie Brown, Henry Coker (trombones), C.Q. Price (alto sax), Leon Talley (alto and baritone sax), Buddy Tate (tenor sax), Sir Charles Thompson (piano), Casey Smith (guitar), Nat Towles (string bass), Little Nat Williams (drums), Duke Groner (vocal). A year later Towles had switched to fronting the band, the bassist being Tom Pratt, Paul King had replaced Bates, Fred Beckett had replaced Coker, and Siki Collins (alto and soprano sax) was added. There does not appear to have been another change until early in 1939 when Tate left, to be replaced by Bob Dorsey, but by 1940 the line-up was Nat Bates, Harold Johnson, Hal Wilkerson (trum-



pets), Monroe Reed, Leo Williams, Archie Brown (trombones), Lee Pope, Siki Collins, Francis Whitby, Leon Talley (reeds), Bernie Cobb (guitar), Bill Searcy (piano), Tom Pratt (string bass) and Nat Williams (drums), with a fourth trumpet, Franklin Green, being added in April.

DURING the whole of 1936 and 1937 the band played at Omaha's Krug Park, but after this it spent most of the time on gruelling tours of Dakota, Nebraska and the Southwest, setting up series of one nighters that often extended for six months. The years from 1936–1939 were those in which the band reached its peak musically, and Buddy Tate has no doubt that if it had had the breaks it must have become one of the top groups of the big band era. He told Frank Driggs (*The Buddy Tate Story, Jazz Monthly, April 1959*):-

"We had a hell of a good band, and when we came to town, we just took over, in the face of established competition because we were so much better music-wise. They had as many as five big names going at that time, Red Perkins, Lloyd Hunter, The Night

Owls and a couple of others. The Dreamland Ballroom, where all the names still play today, was the spot around there and we had it sewed up.

"Basie didn't have any organised band like ours then, and ours was definitely the better band. Andy Kirk called me when John Hammond was coming to Kansas City, because we were playing a dance in Trenton, Missouri. Nat and I drove to Kansas City and contacted John, and the only reason he couldn't come up to Omaha and hear our band was that he was just stopping over before going out to California for Benny Goodman's opening at the Palomar. Hammond wanted to hear some good jazz that night and he went to the Reno Club and signed Basie on the spot, and that was it. Nat had a lot more to offer, because he had five arrangers, and all of us were writing, and many times we had several different arrangements on tunes like *Marie*. We rehearsed every day when we weren't playing. Basie wouldn't have touched our band. We caught his broadcast when he opened the Grand Terrace, and we would have torn his band apart. We played all the best territory work and all the college proms. John Hammond picked up Ernie Fields's band out of Tulsa a couple of years later, and I'm telling



NAT TOWLES ORCHESTRA, DREAMLAND BALLROOM, OMAHA, NEBRASKA: 1937

(L-R) Buddy Tate (ten); "Si-Ki" Collins (alt); "Sir" Charles Thompson (pno); Lemuel Huestall Tally (sxs); Casey Smith (gtr); C. Q. Price (sxs); Nat Williams (dms); Duke Groner (vcl); Tom Pratt (bs); Nat Towles (ldr); Paul King (tpt); Henry Coker (tbn); Archie Brown (tbn); Harold "Money" Johnson (tpt/vcl); Weldon Snead (tpt)

you, there was no comparison. Sir Charles Thompson was in that band, Fred Beckett, Henry Coker, Archie Brown, who played like Tricky Sam; C.Q. Price who was a terrific alto man and could write some wonderful things. N.R. Bates was really something on trumpet, he could play first too, and was compared to Buck in style. That was a band that really should have made it."

I questioned Harold 'Money' Johnson about Tate's seemingly overenthusiastic assessment of the band, and he immediately agreed with it. He mentioned the fine arranging of Thompson, Snead, and Price, and said that musically it was definitely superior to Basie's band. Upon probing a little further it became clear that it was an exceptionally well drilled, precise band, though without any loss of swing. A significant point that Mr. Johnson made was that the arrangers all idolised the Lunceford band and attempted

to capture the invention and musical cohesion of it's best recordings, so that it may well be that the roughness of the Basie ensemble offended their ears. Against this one must recall Buddy Tate's own admiration for Basie, which would make it unlikely that his judgement would be biased. One very interesting fact that Harold Johnson mentioned is that the band recorded in Omaha in either 1937 or 1938, the titles including *Please be kind*, on which he took an eight bar solo, and a Sir Charles Thompson original called *Chaze* (my spelling may be wrong). Johnson remembers the session well, it being his first recording date, and says that Towles told them the records were to be issued in Europe. No trace of this date has ever been found, but there seems not the slightest doubt that it took place.

Harold Johnson is firmly of the opinion that the constant series of one-nighters was not altogether the result of ill luck in obtaining recognition, for he feels that Towles suffered from an obsessive fear of having his best musicians stolen by name bandleaders and deliberately kept to the Southwest as much as possible as an insurance against this happening. That his fears were not entirely groundless, though his evasive action proved singularly unsuccessful, was proved in the Autumn of 1940 when Horace Henderson took over almost the whole of the Towles personnel, retaining only Emmett Berry, Israel Crosby and drummer Debo Mills from his own group. This unit recorded four titles under Henderson's name in October 1940, two of the performances, *Smooth sailing*, written and arranged by Sir Charles Thompson, and *You don't mean me no good*, written by Bob Dorsey, being from the Towles book. The former is a particularly good recording, with solos from Harold Johnson, Howard Johnson (alto), Bob Dorsey and Henderson, and according to some of the former Towles musicians it retains the spirit and drive of the average Towles band performances. Both titles are deserving of microgroove issue.

THROUGHOUT the first five years of the band little publicity about it was printed in such magazines as *Down Beat* and *Metronome*, one of the few references to it that I have seen occurring in the August 31, 1940 issue of *Billboard* where, in a listing compiled by ballroom operators throughout the U.S.A., the manager of the King's Ballroom, Lincoln, Nebraska, lists Towles along with Vincent Lopez and Harlan Leonard as producing the "Best Patronage Reaction." Towles must have felt disheartened at the close of 1940 with all his best musicians gone, but he started to rebuild and within a few months two former sidemen - Leon Talley and Lee Pope - returned. In 1942 Harold Johnson, who had been working around the Rochester area for two years, also rejoined and the band began to recapture something of its former glory. The line-up in early 1942 was Hal Wilkerson, Harold 'Money' Johnson, Joe Sullivan (trumpets), Heywood Walker, Rudy Morrison (trombones), Siki Collins, Bill Douglas (alto saxophones). Lee Pope, Buddy Canway (tenor saxophones), Leon Talley (baritone saxophone), Edgar Brown (piano), Elbert Smith (string bass) and the faithful Nat Williams (drums). 'Money' Johnson remained with Towles (pronounced tolls rather than towels incidentally) until he replaced Buck Clayton with Basie, but it is clear that the Towles personnel was a changing one in the succeeding years, though throughout the war period its popularity remained undiminished. Towles seems to have lost some of his fear of playing in the major centres, for in 1943 he played a long engagement at the Rhumboogie Club in

Chicago, followed by an appearance at the Apollo Theatre in New York City. Unfortunately these dates were not reported in the popular magazines, but it seems likely that while the band was still a good one it could not compare with that of the 1935–1939 period.

Around 1942 tenor saxophonist Hal Singer joined the band after spells with Ernie Fields and Lloyd Hunter, and he was the first person to tell me that Neal Hefti wrote arrangements for the band, at a time when he was still at high school. Harold Johnson remembered a few more details, recalling that Hefti's first scores for Towles were *Swingin' on Lennox Avenue* and *More than you know*, but that his most popular arrangement was a version of *Anchors aweigh*. All the musicians with whom I have discussed the Towles band mention the outstanding arrangements—Harold Johnson, for example, praised Paul King's ability in this sphere — and one wonders what has happened to the Towles book. The musicians who most impressed Hal Singer were Harold Johnson, Rudy Morrison, Bill Douglas—an alto player who Harold Johnson also rates highly—and Preston Love. The latter joined the Towles band in April 1942, remaining until September the same year, though he later rejoined for several tours. In a sensitive, fascinating account of his career in *Sounds and Fury* (July - August 1965), Love writes of joining Towles in contrast to working with Lloyd Hunter:-

"Towles had a better bus, paid a bit more money, played a few more, bigger towns, had a greater 'book' (repertoire) and was generally a more glamorous band than Lloyd's, but all in all it was still the minor league and 'the Sticks'. It was like moving from a Class A baseball team to Class AAA - from a low minor league, because Towles was the next thing to the majors or big time."

When I asked Harold Johnson about Towles as a person he replied that he was "a business man", confirming what Love wrote in more detail:-

"Towles was diametrically opposite of Lloyd Hunter as an individual and business man. Nat shared none of Lloyd's carelessness as a bandleader and business man. Nat was a stern and astute business man and ruled his band even rather despotically. Where Lloyd had been loved by his musicians, Nat never enjoyed much affection from his sidemen nor did he seek any from them. Where agents and operators were charitable but disrespectful in their relationship with Lloyd, they treated Nat with the utmost respect and admiration. Nat was a stickler for good appearance in his band, both for his personnel and his equipment, and although Towles' sleeper bus was somewhat overcrowded and at times odorous inside, it made a very glamorous appearance externally."

Love does not say much about the music he played with the Towles band, but does comment that its book was much more difficult than Basie's and that the experience he had of working with Towles was of great value to him when he later became a member of Basie's sax section. He touches upon aspects of travelling throughout the South that are often not spoken of in reminiscences, such as:-

"Whenever musicians were going South with lesser names such as Towles or Ernie Fields, or any of the non-big-name bands, they actually feared for their lives. There have been countless incidents where bands were caught in a battle of wits with southern crackers and southern lawmen, and their actual survival was at stake. Even the name bands weren't completely safe, but these Southern-

ers were less apt to commit a violent act against a well known band with wealthy backing and representation."

It would be unfair to quote further from Mr. Love's article, but as an honest and balanced account of the life of a travelling musician during the 'forties and 'fifties it is a unique document.

To return to Towles: In his interview with John Lucas he mentions that he was then, in 1944, being booked by Joe Glaser after a long spell with the William Norris office, adding "....and I'm recording for Decca." For years there has been a rumour that the Towles band recorded at least one Decca session in 1944, the titles listed including *I would if I could*, *Reveries of yesterdays*, and *Lonely baby*, though unfortunately there seems no firm evidence to prove that the session ever actually took place. In this year the band was on tour with Marva (Mrs. Joe) Louis, the line-up being Artis Paul, Milton Thomas, Alvin Sheppard (trumpets), Alfred Cobbs, Warren Scott, Abe Meeks (trombones), Preston Love, Jeff Meare, Albert Martin, James Streeter (saxes), Sir Charles Thompson (piano), Curtis Counce (string bass) and Nat Williams (drums). In February 1945 Walter Page was in the band for a very brief period, but by now the personnel was constantly changing, though until the end of the big-band era in the immediate post-war years Towles retained his popularity in the Southwest. During 1946 - 1947 the personnel was Billy Brooks, George Tyron, Russell Emory, Harold Bruce (trumpets), Danny Kelly, Felix Leach, another (trombones), Clarence Johnson, Albert McLean (alto saxophone), George Williams, Claude Miller (tenor saxophone), Richard Keith (baritone saxophone), "Pres" (possibly Roosevelt Lovett) (piano), Albert Winston (string bass) and Nat Williams (drums), and what must be the final big band that Towles led, during 1950, included Russell Emory, Harold Bruce, George 'Buster' Cooper, Oliver Nelson, Noble Watts and the ever present Nat Williams. After this, like most of the leaders of the big band era, Towles was forced by economic circumstances to work with a smaller group, his line-up during 1951 and 1952 including Terence Holder (trumpet), Big George Williams (tenor saxophone), Oscar Dennard (piano), himself on string bass, and Nat Williams. After this Towles's activities until the time of his death a few years ago are obscure, it being likely that he worked in small clubs to the end, for it is reliably reported that after he died his group continued to play under the leadership of Nat Williams. If Williams is still alive, as seems likely, he should be able to give a wealth of information about the whole history of the Towles band.

O THER MUSICIANS who were known to have played with Towles at one time or another — the information was given to Kurt Mohr by Towles himself—are pianists Eddie Heywood, Jr., Lloyd Glenn and Mike Lacey, bassist Lowell Pointer, saxophonists Billy Taylor and Freddy Greer, trumpeters Walter Dunkin, Leo Shepherd and Hosea Sapp, and trombonists Bertrand Adams and Joe McLewis.

Towles's career is an illustration of the fact that an element of luck played its part in whether or not a band made the big time, for the musicians who worked in the 1935 - 1939 group and others who heard it are convinced that it was the equal of most others of its day and superior to all but a few. In retrospect it appears unwise of Towles to have kept away for so long from the major entertainment centres like Chicago and New York, particularly as the chance of a band being recorded elsewhere were remote, but he may have felt that assured success in the Southwest was preferable to gambling in New York. Lacking any recorded evidence of the band we are forced to rely on the reminiscences of musicians to give us an



HAROLD "MONEY" JOHNSON

(Photograph by Mike Doyle)

idea of its capabilities, but their verdict is uniformly enthusiastic, and it seems reasonably certain that with the lucky break and, possibly, a little more ambition on Towles's part to make the big time, his name might now have been as familiar to jazz followers as that of Basie or Lunceford. The territory bands most praised by musicians who heard them are Towles's and Alphonse Trent's and after listening to the recording of *Clementine* by the latter I am willing to accept their verdict. Unless the recordings by Towles are discovered we shall never have an opportunity of hearing the band but it becomes clearer all the while that the inevitable dependence on records has led to a gross oversimplification of the history of the big band era in all the standard jazz reference works, leaving aside for the moment the pathetically slight amount of research in the U.S.A. that appears to be undertaken.

In 1968 Harold Johnson told me what has happened to most of the musicians with whom he played in the Towles band, the information being as follows. Nat Bates now lives in Berkeley, California and is believed to be out of music, his fellow trumpeter Waldon Snead also being resident in California, occasionally playing gigs as a string bassist. Archie Brown and Rudy Morrison are living in Omaha though whether they are still active in music is not known, while C.Q. Price plays from time to time in his present hometown of Buffalo, N.Y. though he has regular employment with the U.S. post office. Leon Talley is in California, working in a regular day

job, Casey Smith returned to Dallas in the 'forties and his present activities are unknown, Duke Groner was heard of only a year or two ago leading a quartet in Chicago, and as already mentioned above Little Nat Williams took over Towles's group after the latter's death. Bob Dorsey and Bill Douglas both died a year or two ago, while the whereabouts of Bill Searcy and Bernie Cobb is uncertain though it is believed that the former moved to Kansas City. Tom Pratt is in Dallas, unfortunately suffering from a mental illness, Harold Wilkerson is living in Des Moines, Iowa, Lee Pope is in New York City and occasionally plays gigs around Jamaica, L. I. area, and Paul King was last heard of in Chicago. Siki Collins, best known to collectors for his recorded work with the Troy Floyd band and a performer much admired by his fellow musicians, was last heard of in Chicago, while the Oklahoma born Francis Whitby—familiar to collectors for his part in a 1936 Jimmie Noone recording date—left Chicago some years ago and now works as a musician in Honolulu. Such musicians as Henry Coker, George 'Buster' Cooper, Hal Singer, Buddy Tate and Sir Charles Thompson are, of course, still very active on the contemporary jazz scene. It would be pleasant if U.S. readers could interview some of the ex-Towles musicians, particularly Little Nat Williams, and fill in the still sketchy outline of Towles's career contained above.

THE KANSAS CITY DOG WALKERS / TONY RUSSELL

*Am I a shoulder of a horse?
A foreleg of a lamb?
Shall I shave my mustache off,
Or go just as I am?*

EVERYONE, I suppose, has favourite blues verses; this is one of mine. The piece from which it comes was recorded at one of the most extraordinary sessions in Negro folkmusic history, a session which can, I think, tell us a little about the roots of that music. It took place in the summer of 1929, and the performers were Winston Holmes and Charlie Turner.

The Memoirs of Winston Holmes

THE researches of Doug Jydstrup in Kansas City have unearthed much information about the musical history of the early years. Holmes was one of the central figures; the Starr Piano branch manager, for example, remembers him, "but nothing outstanding....except that he was always hustling music, which is what most people remember about him." His Merrit label was small but not unimpressive; it was the first company to record Rev. J.C. Burnett, whom Columbia snapped up, and other interesting artists on its books were Hattie McDaniels (of *Gone With The Wind* fame), Lottie Beaman and Sylvester Kimbrough. Originally Lottie, (or Lena) Kimbrough, Sylvester's sister, Lottie Beaman made some distinguished records, notably those cut for Gennett in 1928, which are particularly interesting to us because they feature Winston Holmes's first recorded performances.

Promoters and producers of records have an agreeable habit of featuring themselves on their merchandise - sometimes only on the label, as in the case of Husk ("He couldn't play a cymbal") O'Hare, but sometimes actually performing, like the postwar producers Bob Geddins and Joe Von Battle. One of the most determined of such figures was Winston Holmes. No musician — despite the publicity photographs showing him playing clarinet or piano — he nevertheless found several ways of presenting his talents. The Lottie Beaman session which we have mentioned includes two performances in which he participated: *Lost Lover Blues* (Ge 6607) has him singing and doing bird-imitations, while on the reverse, *Wayward Girl Blues*, he talks and yodels. This was, as we shall see, but a foretaste of joys to come.

Good Time Charlie

CHARLIE Turner is, and will probably remain, a shadowy figure. He is remembered to have owned a record-store in St. Louis and to have been an old friend of Holmes, with whom he travelled occasionally. It would seem likely, for several reasons, that he was well into middle age at the time of this, his only known recording session. (A Charlie Turner made a couple of duets with hillbilly singer Charles S. Brook in about November 1931. They were issued on

Co 15756-D, but this doesn't absolutely rule out the possibility of a connection with the (Negro) artist; however, I doubt if it can be the same man.)

Winston and Charlie at the Recording Studio - Part 1

ON Friday 14th June 1929 there was a memorable session by Charley Patton and Buddy Roy Hawkins, the former recording for the first time. The following Friday saw Winston and Charlie in Richmond, Ind. at the Gennett studios. The day began with four pieces by (if *B & GR* is correct) Turner alone: two guitar instrumentals (*24th Infantry March* and *Washington Post March*) and two songs with guitar, a *Lost John* version and *Down in Arkansas*. As Turner played harmonica, it is not impossible that he used that instrument for *Lost John*, one of the stock harmonica pieces. *Down in Arkansas* is an old-time song popular among white artists, and there are notable versions by Kelly Harrell (*My Name Is John Johanna* on Vic 21520, *Fkwys FA2951*) and the Golden Melody Boys (*Way Down In Arkansas* on Para 3087, *Historical BC-2433-2*). It is not the sort of song one expects to find Negroes singing, or at any rate recording, but Henry Thomas made a very interesting version in mid-1927, not long after Harrell's. *Arkansas* (Voc 1286) is, like several Thomas pieces, a medley; it begins with a couple of verses from no easily determinable source, goes on to three stanzas of *Down In Arkansas* (in which the hard-driving Ark. farmer is called Joe Hanna! Yet this is the name of the *narrator* in Harrell's version.....) and ends as *Travelling Man* (or *Coon*). This item and Turner's rendering are the only Negro performances I can trace; Hambone Willie Newbern's *Way Down In Arkansas* is quite unconnected.

After these four Turner solos, which remain unissued, came six duets that appeared on three Paramount discs later in the year. Before discussing them it will be helpful to have a discographical rundown. (This is an amplified version of the *B & GR* entry. 'Vcl', as usually, stands for singing, exclusive of other vocal techniques.)

Winston Holmes (vcl -1/speech -2/yodelling -3/whistling -4)

Charlie Turner (vcl -5/speech -6/hca -7/gtr)

15257-A *The Death of Holmes's Mule - Part 1 -2,6* Para 12793

15258-A *The Death of Holmes's Mule - Part 2 -2,6* -

15259 *Rounders Lament -1,2,3,4* Para 12798

15260 *The Kansas City Call -1,2,4,7* -

15261-A *Skinner -1,5,7* Para 12815

15262-A *Kansas City Dog Walk -2* -

Winston and Charlie At The Recording Studio - Part 2

DEATH is an amazing performance. Basically it is a pair of conversations, separated by some hours (dramatic time), about the burial of a mule. (Not, in fact, Holmes's — "poor old Jake's dead, and I'm buryin' his

mule” says Winston early on. It’s odd, in view of the frequent references to liquor in the dialogue, that both “Jake” and “mule” are slang terms for alcohol; in fact, it’s probably *not* odd but quite intentional.) In *Part 1* the two prepare for the interment; Charlie protests that the animal (or, if you like, ‘animal’) can’t be put away without a prayer and, since neither (in this context) can sing, his guitar must do it for them.

W You don’t mean to tell me that that old guitar can sing and play?

C Why, certainly!

W All right, let’s hear one of them long Moody numbers.

C Hark from the tomb the long-eared coon,
I hope my dog will catch him soon!

Winston has asked for a Moody hymn (Dwight Lyman Moody (1837 - 1899) was a lay preacher and co-compiler, with Ira D. Sankey, of *Sacred Songs and Solos* (1873), one of the best known of all hymn books) and Charlie replies with a parody of *Hark from the Tomb a doleful Sound*. (This is rarely recorded by Negro singers, and I know only Liza Witt’s Library of Congress version, from the pre-war period. Jesse Fuller has made a bottleneck-guitar rendering, recently re-issued on Arhoolie R2009) Charlie follows the ‘text’ with a guitar passage, sliding a bottle neck along the bass strings in accurate imitation of the spoken phrases. This remarkable technical trick is repeated often in *Death*, with considerable skill and variation. (Similar ‘vocalisation’ can be, and often is, effected with harmonica and kazoo, the latter instrument being particularly expressive in the hands—and of course mouth—of Tommy Settlers in his extraordinary *Low Down Moan*.) After further parodying of *Hark* the two start discussing liquor; then the verse at the beginning of this article is intoned with great solemnity. It isn’t a piece of absurd humour, which is pretty rare in Negro folkmusic, but another parody of Dr. Isaac Watts’ hymn which begins

Am I soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

This is a very well known stanza, and parodies like this must have been common. The technique was often found on the minstrel stage, and it is a pity that Oliver didn’t say much about it when talking (*Screening The Blues* 53, 63ff) of anti-preacher satires. More of this later—now back to Winston and Charlie..... *Part 1* has ended with Charlie’s guitar antics. The record is turned over to denote the passing of several hours; it is now night, and Winston is knocking on Charlie’s door. He thinks they ought to return to the graveyard to make sure of the mule’s safe burial. They start walking: the guitar begins to be heard—low-pitched, ominous bottleneck playing. They take a drink. The atmosphere is positively macabre: a hoot-owl screams, Winston jumps in fright and mutters about bad luck - in a moment, we feel, Karloff will loom from behind a tombstone.

W Well, look-a-here! Well - somebody’s done come here and dug up that mule! Oh, Brother Turner! Let’s have a prayer right on from here!

Well, we might have guessed it, and indeed Winston almost did; he suggested a little earlier that “El Burton or one of those fellows” might have been there before them. And the recital ends with Winston singing “Glory to my mule!” and departing to question El Burton about the horrid deed.

The next piece is almost as odd. With Charlie playing quietly in the background, Winston delivers a solemn recitation:

What a fool I’ve been, to have left such a wonderful woman! Ah, it tears my very soul to think of it. Why, her love was like a mother’s love. She loved me. She fed me. She clothed me. She took care of me when I was sick. Why, she even give me money. And to think I was crazy enough to leave her! The old saying has proven true, and now I’m reaping the whirlwind. What a low, contemptible rounder I’ve been.....

and then he breaks into song and whistling. The sentimental flavour of the words, however, is somewhat disturbed by his cheerful ending:

Yeeshoo! Play your box Mr. Turner! Oh, play it all night long!
One more drink o’ gin, that’s all!

The Kansas City Call is a very lively dance number, which opens with a spirited duet, Turner playing guitar and harmonica together and Holmes whistling. This is more or less a Holmes show case, for he sings a verse, talks a bit (“Now, you little old girl with that black dress on, kick your slippers away—yeah, that’s it!” and so on), scats, whistles and yodels. The cumulative effect is indescribable.

In *Skinner* Winston and Charlie gave a classic performance. The song is a gay little verse/refrain thing, comic and bawdy, and the pair put it over with verve and some art.

A lady was walking down Eastman (?) Street,
Had a little trouble with her bad feet;
She stooped down just to lace her shoe
And the wind whistled up Frederick Avenue!
Ho-ho, ho, ho, bam-a-lam doin’
Women and children goin’ to ruin.
Skinner, skinner, you know the rule,
Get up in the morning and curl your mule;
Curl your mule and curl your hoss,
Oh you’ll have no trouble with the stable boss.
Ho-ho, ho, ho, etc.

The piece has something of a hillbilly air, but it seems likely that what we have here is a minstrel - (or medicine-) show favourite like *I Got Mine* or *Chicken, You Can Roost Behind The Moon (Barn)*. The humour reminds one of *Kunjine Baby* (Voc 1450) by Frankie Jaxon, Tampa Red and Georgia Tom - and it’s interesting that the trio appeared on the label of this side as “The Black Hillbillies”. The jokes are nicely ‘staged’:

I went down to see my gal Bess,
She hollered downstairs “Dear, I’m undressed!”
“Get up and slip on something, dear!”

She slipped on a banana-peel and broke her ear!
is later adapted:

I went down to see my gal Bess,
She hollered downstairs “Honey, I’m undressed!”
She started to me, she was runnin’ pretty fast;
Slipped on a banana-peel and broke her - arm!

And again:

Mary had a little lamb,
She kept him on the shelf
And every time he wagged his tail
He spanked his little self!
Ho-ho, ho, ho, etc.

Mary had a little lamb,
His fleas were black as jet;
I went home with Mary last night
And I ain’t stopped scratchin’ yet!

Ho-ho, ho, ho, Bam-a-lam doin'
Women and children goin' to ruin.

In case it should be thought that Charlie Turner was one of the great Original Parodists, I'd point out that a very similar verse to the last-quoted above is in White's *American Negro Folk Songs* 201; and the spiritual-parodies seem to have been in the public domain for years before Turner could have picked them up. Nor, of course, was such adaptation a specifically Negro approach; it was popular on the vaudeville stage and in minstrel shows, where programmes were created by (and for) whites.

However, it might be fair to call Turner one of the great one-man-bands. Most artists who play two or more instruments simultaneously only play one really well; in the case of harmonica-and-guitar men, it is usually the harmonica that does the interesting things. The guitar either is strummed monotonously, as it is by Stovepipe No. 1, or plays simple runs ('walks' would be more appropriate - and in the distressing case of George Clarke, 'totters' perhaps the best word.) Turner, however, adeptly manages 12-string guitar and harmonica, and both instruments, notably on *Skinner*, play gay lilting phrases, a world away from the elephantine (though in its way very pleasing) rhythm of Daddy Stovepipe or A.C. Forehand. And there can be no doubt at all that Turner was among the very best of the recorded bottleneck-players. The delicacy of his treble-string work is reminiscent of the beautiful playing on Blind Willie McTell's *Mama, 'Tain't Long 'Fore Day* and some of the Library of Congress gospel tunes. Consider *Kansas City Dog Walk* (reissued on *Piedmont 13159*, by the way): towards the end of this very skilfully-played piece Charlie seems to acquire a bottleneck for two choruses and lose it again without a break in playing. Rarely do bluesmen make the most of the bottleneck technique - though some make too much of what they have; does no one else find those Muddy Waters Aristocrats just a little monotonous? - but Charlie Turner used his skill with intelligence, wit and taste.

Play 'Em For Whom, Sing 'Em For Whom?

THESE performances were recorded and issued in 1929, but it's almost certain that they were old hat years before that date. The comic dialogue form of *Death* was used widely by 'nigger' comedians ("Mr. Interlocutor, sir?" and so forth), though usually (one hopes) with rather more polish than is found here. The parody element

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is equally old, as I've said, and extremely widespread in its use: *I Heard The Voice Of Jesus Say* became *I Heard The Voice Of A Porkchop*; *Po' Moaner/You Shall Be Free* was adapted for joke jokes about wife-trouble, girl-friends, chittlins (by Frank Stokes, for instance) and even elephants—John Lee Hooker devotees should be interested to know of the antiquity of the lines "God made an elephant; he made him stout".....; and the peculiar coupling by Johnson-Nelson-Porkchop, OK 8577, has an interesting parodies of *These Bones Gonna Rise Again* and *Way Down In Egyptland*. The other substantial influence upon the Holmes-Turner repertoire (what we have of it) is the dance; Winston was known as a good dancer, and both *Call* and *Dog Walk* are evidently dance tunes. (Other early routines included the *Camel Walk* and, of course, the *Cake Walk*. Camels and cakes have yet to be refurbished, but dogs are, or at any rate recently were, being walked vigorously to the commands of Rufus Thomas.)

At one point Winston exclaims "Don't hit that lady with the red dress, Charlie - 'cause she's got.....", and this must go back to *Don't Hit That Lady Dressed In Green*, an extremely bawdy song of the early 1900s remembered by Willie "The Lion" Smith and James P. Johnson (cf. Oliver, *Screening The Blues* 204).

Pointers like these suggest that the Holmes-Turner recordings exhibit the music not of the '20s but of the 1890s or 1900s - When both artists were in their 'teens or twenties. If, as seems probable, they had spent most of their lives in urban surroundings, they would have had little contact with the rural singing styles; and 'city' blues were only just beginning to make their mark. So Winston and Charlie sang what, one may guess, a lot of the Negroes outside the deep south sang: minstrel and hillbilly numbers, 'coon songs', sub-vaudeville routines. The comic dialogue was taken up by Barbecue Bob and Charley Lincoln; singers like Blind Willie McTell and Henry Thomas continued to listen to, and reproduce, hillbilly songs; there is no reason to suppose that Holmes and Turner were exceptional. Their instrumental pieces, too, were unsurprising: marches such as the country brass bands would be playing; dance-tunes like the energetic Charleston Contest of Too Tight Henry, or the rags of Buddy Boy Hawkins and William Moore. The duo is an interesting one because it was middle-aged and apparently uninfluenced by recent developments in Negro music. And little was recorded, or at any rate issued, by artists of this kind. There are dim figures like Cedar Creek Sheik, Luke Jordan, Ki Ki Johnson - they show some of the characteristics of what is sometimes called the 'pre-blues' generation, the era of Frank Stokes and Jim Jackson. They are, however, difficult to listen to, either because of the rarity of their records, or because—as in the case of Ki Ki Johnson, for instance—they are really too dreadful for words. It is with pleasure, then, that one can report that the Holmes-Turner session is not only historically interesting but—as I've tried to show—musically satisfying.

The most intriguing question that comes out of all this is "What audience were they aiming for?" Surely not for younger Negroes—and perhaps not for Negroes at all. Most probably, they were singing and playing for a middle-aged audience—for mums and dads. It may be that they were 1929's Val Doonican, for some listeners in K.C. and St. Louis. And perhaps, for the older generation Negroes of Chicago, Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf occupy much the same role. This is probably going too far; but it seems to me that this *sort* of reflection, on the relation between artist and audience, has been made rather infrequently in recent blues study—yet it is possibly the surest way to an understanding of the significance and appeal of the blues.

LESSER KNOWN BANDS OF THE FORTIES / JIM BURNS

8: BENNY GOODMAN & LIONEL HAMPTON

ONCE BOP had started to attract an audience other than the one found in the clubs along 52nd Street, and the general public was at least partially conscious of its existence (even if the awareness related more to the moral and sartorial, rather than the musical, aspects of the movement), then it was clearly inevitable that the mass media would jump on the bandwagon. The end result was that the word "bop" became synonymous with any kind of odd-ball behaviour, narcotics, street-brawling, and general loose-living. In between, however, the efforts to take bop to the people provided a few good laughs, with Eddie Condon introduced on TV one night as "the king of be-bop", and *Life* magazine publishing a low-down on the boppers way of life in which Dizzy Gillespie and Joe Carroll were shown bowing to Mecca, exchanging secret handshakes, and all the rest of it. Sometimes even the musicians seemed determined to add to the confusion—in the case of the *Life* article it's obvious that Gillespie and Carroll had their tongues firmly in their cheeks—and anyone genuinely interested in finding out about the music had a hard time wading through the piles of misleading information. The reactionary views of established musicians also added fuel to the fire—"be-bop has set music back twenty years", Tommy Dorsey was quoted as saying—and what was the baffled enthusiast to make of Lionel Hampton's comment that "Be-bop is the chord structure; Re-bop is the rhythm. We combine both and call it the New Movement. Music is nothing but arithmetic—nothing but mathematics". Benny Goodman's comments on the new music were perhaps more thoughtfully expressed, but even so were hardly likely to inspire anyone with confidence in his critical judgement: "I've been listening to some of the re-bop musicians. You know, some of them can't even hold a tone! They're just faking and are not real musicians. From what I've heard, re-bop reminds me of guys who refuse to write a major chord even if it's going to sound good. A lot of the things they do are pretentious. They're just writing and playing for effect, and a lot of it doesn't swing."

Goodman's musical policy during the middle-1940s confirmed his feelings about bop, and such discs as *Swing Angel* and *Rattle And Roll*, although attractive enough in their own way, are basically not much different than the kind of thing he recorded in the late-1930s: to be honest they're not really as good as the earlier sides, because by 1945/46 a lot of the vitality had gone out of the swing band scene. If there are any indications of new influences at work then they are to be found in the solos, and not in the section-work. Stan Getz was with Goodman's band during this period, and his solo on *Rattle and Roll* does show that he had been listening to Lester Young. On the whole, however, Goodman was in no danger of getting involved with bop or its protagonists. It has been reported that he even chopped out the more boppish parts of an arrangement provided by Mary Lou Williams.

THE GOODMAN BAND moved to the West Coast early in 1947 and broke up shortly after. The Clarinetist led a studio group on a radio show and then signed with Capitol and recorded a handful of sides with a band formed specially for the date. Most of the musicians inclined to the musical position favoured by Goodman, so the records - *Lonely Moments*, *It Takes Time*, *Whistler's Blues* did not show any great advance on anything which had gone before, although they were fresh enough to draw favourable comments from some critics. *Chicago*, from an April 1947 session, is a good relaxed performance, but one always feels that any other competent band of the middle-1940s could—and probably did—turn out stuff like this at the drop of a baton. Pianist Tommy Todd's contribution is interesting as the work of a little known but talented musician whose style neatly incorporated modern ideas without ever being out and out bop; the overall impression one gets when listening to him is rather similar to that heard in the playing of Dodo Marmarosa and Arnold Ross. Some of Todd's best work is to be found on four tracks from a 1947 Just Jazz Concert, where he is in the company of such musicians as Charlie Shavers, Corky Corcoran, and Barney Kessel. He can also be heard on four now-forgotten sides by Ray Linn's Hollywood Swing Stars which were recorded for Atomic in 1946. These latter items are good examples of how the bop influence was creeping into the work of musicians whose styles were basically derived from the swing-era. Linn's composition *Where's Pres?* has a boppish tinge to it, and the trumpeter's own solo throws in one or two "re-bop" licks, whilst Tommy Todd leans towards the new on all four tracks. It would be an exaggeration to claim greatness for any of the musicians present on these sides, but they were thoroughly competent, and it's of value to hear their work even if only to broaden one's knowledge and appreciation of the middle-1940s jazz scene on the West Coast.

When considering Goodman's brief forays into bop territory it's necessary at least to mention the small-group discs which he made. They help to indicate the degree to which Goodman's involvement with bop had developed. Most of the trio, quartet, and sextet tracks recorded in 1947 were cast in the usual Goodman small-group mould, but *How High The Moon*, by the septet, is of more interest, perhaps because of the associations this tune had with the boppers. If Goodman's version is not particularly boppish, it is quite modern in its general approach, and trombonist Ray Sims contributes a solo which shows him to have been very much influenced by Bill Harris. Benny's own solo is warm and relaxed, and fits the mood of the disc.

Goodman appeared as a solo artist at a number of Just Jazz concerts in 1947, and it was at these that he first heard tenor-saxophonist Wardell Gray, a musician who later played with the Goodman band and of whom the clarinetist spoke in glowing terms. In



LIONEL HAMPTON

(Photograph by David Redfern)

early-1948 Gray joined a Goodman group at another Just Jazz concert, and in May of that year the tenorman moved East with the septet which Benny formed. Swedish clarinettist Stan Hasselgard was also in the group, and he too leaned towards the new music; the four sides which he recorded for Capitol in December 1947 display his work to good advantage, and are, in fact, fine examples of what a Goodman group would probably have sounded like had the leader been able to make the transition to the modern style. When Goodman added trumpeter Red Rodney, and introduced a few bop originals into his book, it became obvious that he was making an effort to adjust to the latest trends. This group didn't last very long, however, and Goodman gigged around with various musicians. He did record a version of *Stealin' Apples* on which Gray, Fats Navarro, and Gene Di Novi can be heard, and by the end of the year he was planning a bop big-band. His attitude towards the music seemed to have changed, too, and he was quoted as saying "It certainly deserves to be encouraged" when talking about bop. To back up his words he frequently put in appearances - though only in a listening capacity

- at the Royal Roost, and it was rumoured that he had asked Gerry Mulligan and Tadd Dameron to write arrangements for the projected band.

WHEN THE Goodman band did finally materialise in November or December 1948 it did not create as big a stir as had been expected. True, Chico O'Farrill had contributed a few bop originals, and Wardell Gray, Doug Mettome, Eddie Bert and Buddy Greco - then better known as a pianist - did get the occasional chance to solo, but Goodman was determined to cater for the average listener, and so kept a tight rein on his men. In the recording studio he was a bit more adventurous, and the band's first disc for Capitol was an exciting instrumental called *Undercurrent Blues*. A Chico O'Farrill original, this record managed to blend bop and Afro-Cuban rhythms in an attractive way, and the insinuating theme - regular listeners to AFN in the early 1950s will no doubt remember it being used as the theme tune for a programme called "Hot House" which was presented by a character known as "The Baron of Bounce" - rightly became popular with the fans. Benny tried hard to get with

the mood of the piece, but the solo honours went to Eddie Bert and Doug Mettome, the latter one of the least-known, but most promising of, bop trumpeters; Mettome recorded very little in the 1940s - he can be heard on Allen Eager's *Church Mouse* and *Unmeditated*, both from a 1947 Savoy date - and his finest work was produced in the 1950s (the "Sam Most plays Bird, Bud, Monk and Miles" album is worth hearing for Mettome's solos alone). Despite the cliches *Undercurrent Blues* still sounds good today, and I think it's accurate to rate it amongst the better big-band discs of the period. *Shishkabop*, another O'Farrill original, is almost as good, but falls down on the solos; only Goodman and Greco are heard and neither produces anything of note. The section-work is first-rate, though, and the total performance convincing enough.

With the exception of *Egghead*, which was designed to feature Gray, *Undercurrent Blues* and *Shishkabop* were the only two big-band bop tracks which Goodman recorded. *The Hucklebuck* has brief solos by Gray, Mettome, and Greco, but much of it is taken up by a vocal group, and the section-work tends to be a little lack lustre. *Having A Wonderful Wish*, which spotlighted Greco in his role of vocalist (and on this showing there's little doubt that he was better employed as a pianist) is mediocre, and only Wardell Gray's tenor solo saves it from being classed as one of those records which are best forgotten about.

As far as the big-band was concerned nothing else of lasting value resulted from Goodman's Capitol contract, but the bop-sextet from the band did record three decent tracks. *Blue Lou* and *Bedlam* are instrumentals, whilst Mary Lou Williams's bop-fable *In The Land of Oo-bla-dee* featured Buddy Greco at the microphone again.

All gave Gray and Mettome - certainly Goodman's most reliable soloists - an opportunity to show their talents, and they especially impress on *Bedlam*, a tune previously recorded by Gray's quartet under the title of *Stoned*. Greco's piano playing is lively enough, but tends to utilise the standard bop cliches a little too much to make it more than of passing interest.

Goodman's flirtation with bop did not produce anything of major importance, and it's easy to see that his relationship with the new music was an uneasy one. Still, a handful of reasonable records did result from the clarinetist's attempts to jump on the bop bandwagon - it's hard not to think that the bop fad of the late-1940s was the main reason for his taking the big-band on the road, even though he wasn't happy about going the whole hog - and I suppose it made for variety in the total scene.

MUCH THE SAME can be said of Lionel Hampton's activities in the 1945-50 period, although it's only fair to admit that he generally had a more modern sounding outfit in the early and middle-1940s. His 1941 recording of *Flying Home* set the pattern for tenor-features for years after, and even the riffing on *Tempo's Boogie* (1944) sounds more up-to-date than the section-work on Goodman's discs from the same period. In 1945 Hampton recorded a tune which, if it actually had no musician connection whatsoever with bop, at least acknowledged its existence in the title. *Hey-ba-ba-re-bop* is a light-hearted number, most of which is taken up by a vocal, and was the kind of thing popular with the type of fringe fan who enjoyed such discs as Gene Krupa's *Leave Us Leap* and Charlie Barnet's *Skyliner*. Other Hampton records from 1945/46 find the band playing in its usual full-blooded manner - *Hamp's Walking Boogie* and *Beulah's Boogie* are typical examples - and although

Hampton was the main soloist there were brief appearances by Arnett Cobb, Al Killian, and Joe Morris. These musicians - and tenorman Johnny Griffin - can be heard on *Air Mail Special*, another popular Hampton disc. An LP of a 1946 Carnegie Hall concert by the band gives a good idea of what it sounded like on an average night, and one tune - *Red Cross* - is of particular interest in that it features Dizzy Gillespie, who was one of a number of guest-artists at the concert.

It was 1947 before Hampton made any deliberate attempts to use bop ideas, and even then his *Three Minutes On 52nd Street* was still typical stuff from the point of view of the way in which the rhythm-section functions. And if some of the riffs are bop-tinged, well they are riffs nonetheless. The main interest lies in the solos by Kenny Dorham and Morris Lane, a tenorman with a choppy, and easily identifiable, style. He had been in the recording-studios with Dorham before, when the two of them took part in the 1946 Savoy "Be-bop Boys" session, and he also made discs under his own name for Savoy and Lennox. His *Blowin' for Kicks* (Savoy) has him running the course from good (exciting, emotional playing) to bad (honking), and *After Hours Bounce* (Lennox) spotlights the rough, but virile, approach he occasionally adopted. Lane can also be heard on Hampton's *Muchacho Azul*, a track which starts off in a slightly esoteric mood, but soon resolves into some routine riffing; no matter what Hampton played - other than ballads - it nearly always finished up with the band in full cry. *Midnight Sun* is one of the best-known Hampton ballad numbers from this period, and the full sound of the band is put to good use whilst *Mingus Fingers* - as the title implies, a feature for bassist Charlie Mingus - manages to steer clear of the routine phrases, and so has a little more character than many Hampton discs.

It's relevant at this point to refer to the small-group bop discs recorded by Hampton in late-1947. The group itself was a mixture of boppers and more-conservative musicians; the rhythm-section, for instance, was drawn from the band, with the exception of pianist Dodo Marmarosa, so the "re-bop", as Hampton still called it, was left to the soloists. The themes used tended towards the outlandish, as did the bop vocals, and all in all one feels that Hampton was clearly trying to cash in on the growing interest in bop as a cult. Still, there are decent solos from Marmarosa, Lane, and trumpeter Benny Bailey, and the group's handling of *Cherokee* is worthy of note.

The recording ban kept Hampton out of the studios during 1948, but we are lucky in having available various items taped at concert venues - and dances, to judge from the audience noise - during the summer of that year. The band was then at its most modern - Fats Navarro was in the trumpet-section for a short time and can be heard on the incomplete, but excellent, version of *Hot House* - and listening to it makes one wonder just how much other good music was lost to us because of the ban. 1948 does seem to have been the turning point for bop, and the music and its practitioners were riding the crest of the wave. The air-shots, etc., which exist from around this time would appear to confirm that enthusiasm amongst musicians and fans (I'm speaking now of the more dedicated types and not those who discovered bop during the short-lived fad mentioned earlier) was at an all-time high. Hampton's men certainly display tremendous fire at times.

Jay Bird (a tune originally written by J.J. Johnson for a 1946 Savoy date) has an arrangement which uses a number of bop

cliches and ends up with the band blasting away as per usual. In between there are solos from Benny Bailey, baritonist Ben Kynard and Hampton, and a bop-vocal by Betty Carter. *Be-bop* (Hampton calls it *Re-bop*, but it's still the same tune Charlie Parker and Howard McGhee used at the *Loverman* session) utilises chunks of Dizzy Gillespie's *Things To Come*, and the trumpets play some brilliant unison passages, very much in the manner of a Dizzy Gillespie band. Benny Bailey is heard again, and there's a brief solo by an altoist (Bobby Plater?); it's surprising that so little was known about Bailey in the 1940s - as far as I know his only appearances on record, other than with Hampton, were with a Teddy Edwards group, and on three sides under Kenny Clarke's name from a 1948 Paris date. His work with Hampton—and his

RECORDS

GOODMAN'S *Swing Angel* and *Rattle and Roll* are on Fontana TFL 5067, along with other items from the same period. *Chicago* was issued on Capitol CL 13142, but the three tracks from the first Capitol big-band session were not issued in this country. *How High The Moon*, by the septet, is on Capitol LC 6526, and *Stealin' Apples* on Capitol T 20578, which also has *Undercurrent Blues*. *Shishkabop* is on Capitol CL 13141, *The Hucklebuck* on Capitol CL 13125, *Having A Wonderful Wish* on Capitol CL 13125, *Bedlam* on Capitol CL 13206, *The Land Of Oo-bla-dee* on Capitol CL 13142, and *Blue Lou* on Capitol LC 6526.

The Just Jazz concert featuring Tommy Todd was issued on Ace of Hearts AH 19, and the four Ray Linn tracks referred to appeared on Parlophone R 3186 and R 3241. Stan Hasselgard's Capitol sides are on EAP-1-466, and Allen Eager's *Church Mouse* on Savoy MG 9023 - and *Unmeditated* on MG 9026. The "Sam Most plays Bud, Bird, Monk and Miles" album is Parlophone PMC 1087. Wardell Gray's *Stoned* is on Vogue EPV 1064.

HAMPTON'S *Flying Home*, *Tempo's Boogie*, *Hey-ba-ba-re-bop*, *Hamp's Walking Boogie*, and *Beulah's Boogie* (studio version) are on Brunswick LA 8527, *Air Mail Special* on Brunswick 03763, and *Red Cross* on Brunswick LAT 8086. *Three Minutes on 52nd Street* and *Midnight Sun* are on Brunswick 03780, and *Muchacho Azul* and *Mingus Fingers* on Brunswick 03962. The small-group bop sides are on Brunswick 03942 and 03922. WEKA Jazz Documentation Series 12-1-4557 contains the 1948 concert material, and New World NW 5019 the early-50s film or TV sides. MGM EP-552 has the four 1951 tracks. *Birmingham Bounce* and *Pink Champagne* are on Brunswick 04590, *Rag Mop* and *For You My Love* on 04457, *What's Happening* on 04321, *The Hucklebuck* on 04272, and *How You Sound* on 04570.

Details of Krupa's *Leave Us Leap* and Barnet's *Skyliner* will be found in the articles in this series which deal with these bands. Morris Lane's *Blowin' For Kicks* is on Savoy MG 9026, and *After Hours Bounce* on Continental CLP 16001. Gillespie's *Emanon* and *Things To Come* are on Saga ERO 8017, and the Parker/McGhee *Be-bop* on Society SC 1026. Kenny Clarke's *Confirmation* and *A La Colette* were issued on French Swing SW 277. Most of the items recorded at the Savoy "Be-bop Boys" date, with Lane and Dorham, are on Realm RM 52192 (an LP issued under Fats Navarro's name) and J.J. Johnson's version of *Jay Bird* is on Realm RM 52195.

solos on Clarke's *Confirmation* and *A La Colette* (credited to Clarke, but actually Charlie Parker's *Cheryl*)—places him firmly in the Gillespie/Navarro school, and he was certainly on a par with trumpeters such as Kenny Dorham, Leonard Hawkins, and Idrees Suleiman.

THE TRUMPET-SECTION is also in excellent form on *Dues In Blues*, an easy-paced number on which the band as a whole acquits itself well. The Gillespie influence is obvious, and in fact the piece does remind one in parts of Dizzy's *Emanon*. *Brant Inn Boogie*, *Adam Blew His Hat*, *Beulah's Boogie* (an interesting comparison with the studio version), and *Calling Dr. Mancuso* are not as boppish, but are first-rate of their kind, and the drive and skill of the band is always evident. One notable point is that the rhythm-section always keeps up a straight and heavy beat no matter what type of number is being performed.

When Hampton resumed recording for Decca in 1949 he reverted to novelty songs and a kind of superior rhythm-and-blues. Sonny Parker was featured vocalist on quite a few of the discs—*What's Happening*, *Baby*, *For You My Love*, and *How You Sound*, are typical—and others, such as *Rag Mop* and *The Hucklebuck*, were clearly designed to appeal to an audience which didn't like its jazz in too serious a vein. *Pink Champagne* and *Birmingham Bounce*, from 1950, are of even less importance, but—and I think it's worth moving into the early-1950s to round off this survey—a handful of tracks recorded for MGM showed a marked improvement. *Gates Steps Out* and *Lady Be Good* are fast workouts which the band handles skilfully. The section-work is thoroughly modern but the rhythm-team rarely strays far from a set pattern. The soloists—Benny Bailey, Idrees Suleiman, Al Grey, etc.—are strong enough to stand out in the welter of brass work, and there are some particularly bright alto/tenor and trumpet/trombone exchanges on *Lady Be Good*. Naturally, being a Hampton band, each side ends up with some rousing interplay between the sections, and I have to admit to finding the final choruses just a little bit boring. As with many of Hampton's flagwavers they sound too much alike, and the lack of subtlety eventually jars on the ears of the listener.

It might be of value to note one of two similarities in some of Hampton's discs from the early-1950s. *Gladysee Bounce* (from the MGM date) is a close replica of the 1948 *Brant Inn Boogie*, and *Vibes Boogie* (from an early-50s film-short or TV show) is more or less the same as *Gabby's Gabbing* (MGM) in so far as the basic arrangement is concerned. Parts of *Cobb's Idea* (from the same source as *Vibes Boogie*) crop up in *Gates Steps Out* (MGM). Avid fans of Hampton's music will probably be aware of other examples.

Unlike Goodman, who changed the sound of his band in an attempt to move with the times, Hampton always held on to certain typical characteristics, i.e. the solid rhythm-section and the riff-laden climaxes. It's slightly disconcerting not to have a selection of his late-1940s discs more easily available—at the time of writing (July 1968) English collectors are notably badly served by the record companies—as it would help to fill in some gaps in our appreciation of subsidiary events in the development of bop.

NOTE: I have had particular occasion to refer to Leonard Feather's *Inside Bebop* (J J Robbins & Sons, New York, 1949) and George Hoefer's "Benny & the boppers" (*Down Beat*, July 28th 1966) for information in connection with this article.

RANDOM REFLECTIONS / JOHN POSTGATE

TWO CLANGERS in my article of last April on the St. Louis trumpeters were pointed out by Mr. Julian Vein of Edmonton: the Wettling tracks which feature Joe Thomas were recorded in 1944, and not 1946, and his recordings with Pete Brown were for Kaynote, not Savoy. No excuses. And the printers provided me with another: *Freddie Freeloader*, not *Freelander*, was the title cited for Miles Davis. Mr. Vein put forward an interesting possibility which I have been unable to check up on: George Hudson is the name of another St. Louis trumpeter who recorded with Sun Ra in the late 'fifties for the Saturn label. He plays on "Interstellar low ways (Saturn LP 203) and "Fate in a pleasant mood" (Saturn L.P. 202) both recorded around 1959, and Mr. Vein reports that he has a particularly good, short solo on *Onward* (from LP 203) whose unhurried, reflective character has something in common with the St. Louis style I discussed. I become increasingly convinced that I guessed correctly when I suggested that the St. Louis style was a late development in the jazz of that city: that it was not detectable before about the 1940s. Alun Morgan tells me he played Mildred Bailey's *At sundown* (1946/7) after reading the article and he finds that the short, muted solo by Mousie Randolph fits him far more easily into the St. Louis scheme of things than the 1939 Hampton tracks to which I had access. Albert McCarthy suggested (April issue, p.21) that Ed Allen, though from Tennessee, qualified as a St. Louis trumpeter because his formative years were spent there. In that case one would expect his better-known recordings, with Clarence Williams's groups in the '30s, to show little of the qualities I wrote about, though his post-1940 recordings might do so. Unfortunately I do not have access to the only one I am aware of, the 1959 session by Cecil Scott's Washboard Band (33SX 1232) which had Chris Barber ("T-Bone Jefferson") on a few tracks. Albert McCarthy, who reviewed it (very favourably) in October 1960, mentioned the relationship of Allen's style to Oliver's and considered that his style had not changed in thirty years, so perhaps I am on the wrong track here.

I voiced my suspicion that Hal Baker played with pressure. Alun Morgan came up with a quotation from "The Hot Bach" by Richard O. Boyer (*New Yorker*, reprinted in Peter Gammond's "Duke Ellington") which bears on the question. Baker is reported as saying, "I breathed all wrong and it strained the whole side of my face. It used to hurt so. I blew from too low and couldn't keep my stomach tight. I used to blow with my jaw as hard as a wall and my teacher would walk up and bang the trumpet right out of my mouth. I pressed so hard against my teeth that they were sore all the time. To cure myself, I hung my trumpet on a string from the ceiling. Just walk up to it and blow without touching it with my hands." This I find very revealing. Obviously

pressure was a great problem to Baker and, like many a trumpeter who has started off the wrong way, he had to go to great lengths to correct himself. Obviously I was wrong in my remark that he "probably always played with pressure" but I was quite right in my deduction that pressure had left its mark on his style in general. Alun also passed on a story told to him by Dickie Hawdon which will appeal to everyone who has aspired to jazz trumpeting. When Baker was here in 1958, he told Hawdon that he woke up one night and suddenly thought, "Damn, I'm a lousy trumpeter with a lousy tone." He got out of bed, went downstairs, stuffed a handkerchief in his trumpet and practised holding long notes for a couple of hours. He kept this up, it seems, for most of his life, playing long notes for an hour or so each day to improve his tone. As we now know, his was the finest tone in the business—so back to those long notes, chaps. Your teacher was right.

THE "CONCEALED STEREO" situation, infuriating as it may be to those with mono equipment, is a source of much joy to those with stereo. Alun Morgan mentioned in his "Collector's Notes" for May and July that some record issues, marketed with no indication whether they are mono or stereo (and therefore assumed by customers and shops to be mono), are in fact stereo recordings. He listed Coleman

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Hawkins's "Night Hawk" (XTRA 5058) Cootie Williams's "The solid gold trumpet of Cootie Williams" (XTRA 5045) and the Willie Wilson Sextet (Fontana FJL 136) as examples. I have come across two more: Henry Allen's "Mr. Allen" (XTRA 5032) and Brother Jack McDuff's "Live! At the Jazz Workshop" (PR 7286). Mr. Richard Veasey of Sussex University tells me, and I can confirm it, that Coleman Hawkins's "Hawk eyes" (XTRA 5029) is in stereo and so is "Things ain't what they used to be" (XTRA 5031), issued under Hawkins's name but largely not by him. This last is an excellent record, by the way (see, for example, Alun Morgan's note on the original Prestige issue in the July issue) and I am a little chagrined because the original issue, which I possess, is uncompromisingly mono. Anyway, it seems that Transatlantic are the principal benefactors/culprits (delete according to whether you have gone stereo or not) and that further research among the recent wave of Prestige re-issues might uncover yet more concealed stereo.

INCIDENTALLY, the Cootie Williams issue did not get much publicity. It is not one of Cootie's best; it is a sort of riposte to Jonah Jones in the form of oldies played by a quartet using a great deal of shuffle rhythm. But for those who liked the Jonah Jones series, and in their inoffensive way they were quite good, this issue is something rather different and quite as accomplished. I think it would make a very suitable present for someone who liked Jonah's records and who now needs to be eased gently in the direction of the "harder" stuff.

SEVERAL REVIEWERS commented on the peculiar situation whereby volume 2 of the CBS LPs of the Charlie Christian - Benny Goodman collaborations was issued after volume 1 had been deleted. Volume 1 has now returned, on a cheaper label, so, for a while, almost all of the best of Christian's recorded work is available: volume 1 on CBS Realm 52538, volume 2 on CBS BPG 62581. Purists may complain that Christian was not at his best with Goodman, that tapes from Minton's or concerts such as 'Spirituals to Swing' show the real Christian; but decent recordings and reasonably organized surroundings count for quite a lot. Christian, like Bix, played well in almost any circumstances and it is perfectly obvious that, even if he found the Goodman organization restrictive as a whole, the context of Goodman's Sextet allowed him considerable freedom and the opportunity to improvise among musicians of something approaching his own calibre. As these issues appear for the second—or is it the third?—time, I am happy to see that no one complains about the dubbing of extra solos by Christian on to various tracks. If ever tape surgery was justified it is here; *Air mail special* and *Breakfast feud* are twice and three times as good (respectively) as they were. But I also see a familiar pattern in the reviews: a tendency to knock Goodman while praising Christian. Well, there is no doubt that Christian is the star of the sessions, but to my ears it is Goodman who comes nearest to him in stature. Where we can compare different takes, it is always Goodman and Christian who are the real improvisers on these records; it is chaps such as



CHARLIE CHRISTIAN

George Auld and Cootie Williams who were ossified. Goodman's and Christian's solos differ widely from take to take (the exception is the two takes of *Solo flight*, where Christian is clearly tied down by the big band arrangement and only Goodman's contribution varies); the other solos rarely change. I find much in common between Goodman's solos and Christian's, too. Both, for instance, made use of long, unaccented lines and though Christian's were rhythmically (though not necessarily harmonically) more subtle, Goodman's solos seem to me to represent a response to Christian's rhythmic challenge which is not detectable at all in the playing of Auld and Williams. Perhaps these musicians played their own thing better for the presence of Christian; Hampton certainly did. But if one were to array the soloists on these recordings in some order of merit, only Goodman and sometimes Hampton come into the same league as Christian. The virtue of these tracks, and what makes them so outstanding, is that the combination of Goodman's discipline and Christian's genius made the general level of the rest unimportant. The rest played very well by their own standards and, if they were not really improvising, they nevertheless provided the perfect setting for the giants of the sessions. Goodman may have been a sort of Adrian Rollini to Christian's Bix, but he was up there with him.

RECORD REVIEWS

TWO FROM COLEMAN

THE MAGNIFICENT alto solos on the first of the two records listed below are further evidence, if anyone needs it, of Coleman's greatness as a jazz improviser. But in other respects these discs, especially when taken together, indicate unresolved areas in his music and a disturbing lack of evident relationship between them. The Blue Note can very nearly be reviewed as a conventional jazz issue which finds Coleman's inspiration as staggering in its richness and vitality as ever. There are no really new developments—nor any reason why there should be—yet, while his means of organising long solos remain stable, that kind of freedom in tempo as well as of tempo demonstrated, say, by *Clergyman's dream* (from the historic 1965 Croydon concert: *An Evening with Ornette Coleman*, Polydor 623246/7), has gone several degrees further in his beautiful *Garden of souls* improvisation. From this angle, it is revealing to listen to him with Elvin Jones, who was so much responsible for the switch of emphasis away from regular time-keeping which became associated with the jazz that stemmed from Coleman's own innovations, and the latter, needless to say, has little of the trouble certain others have experienced with this drummer's fluid rhythmic structures. The linear fragmentation that has long been part of Coleman's way of playing—and is partly a consequence of his method of juxtaposing outwardly dissimilar shapes—is likewise taken several stages further in *Broad way blues*. Rather than con-

Recording details:-

NEW YORK IS NOW! VOL. I:

Ornette Coleman (alt, vln-1); Dewey Redman (ten); Jimmy Garrison (bs); Elvin Jones (d); Mel Fuhrman (vcl interjection -2)
New York City - April 1968

Garden of souls : : *Toy dance* : : *We now interrupt for a commercial* -1, 2 : : *Broad way blues* : : *Round trip*

Blue Note BST84287 (47/5d.)

THE MUSIC OF ORNETTE COLEMAN:

Ornette Coleman (tpt); Mason Jones (fr-hn); Murray Panitz (fl); John de Lancie (ob); Anthony Gigliotti (clt); Bernard Garfield (bsn)

Forms and sounds

Stuart Canin, William Steck (vln); Carlton Cooley (vla); Willem Stokking (cello)

Saints and soldiers : : *Space flight*

RCA (MORD) SF7944 (37/6d.)

sidering it an echo of Parker's sort of melodic discontinuity (e.g. *Klactoveedsedstene* - Columbia 33SX1555), this is best heard as a condensation of the slightly Cageian use of silence on the Croydon performance actually named *Silence*, a point underlined by Jones' and Garrison's almost tentative support here. The thematic motive of *Broad way*, incidentally, is of a startling, jivey triteness whose satirical intent seems confirmed by the extraordinarily imaginative transformations it undergoes during the alto solo, and one is reminded of Parker's conjuring with the dull *Cool blues* riff. Dewey Redman ought not to be mentioned in such company: his *Broad way* solo reflects the thematic banality all too faithfully, and I suspect he is a straightforward, even straight-laced, player trying to pass as an avant gardist—not a new tactic. On *Garden of souls* Redman tries to exploit the 'unconventional' resources of his instrument in a way that derives from Albert Ayler, Pharoah Sanders and others, but the results are meagre in terms of rhythmic or even colouristic interest. And perhaps this is not surprising in view of his inability to respond to the fund of rhythmic suggestion Jones throws up behind him during *Toy dance*.

This shallowness at least serves to underline the qualities of Coleman's own music, which, like much that is best in the new thing, is most profitably listened to, as I have repeatedly suggested in these pages and elsewhere, as a return to the basic essentials of jazz. Yet how are the apparent fundamentalist aims of this music of the 'sixties to be reconciled with the character of *We now interrupt for a commercial*, the wild complexity of whose collectively improvised textures Coleman seems bent on emphasising by means of Mel Fuhrman's bland, TV-announcer's voice, which surrealistically breaks through the performance at several points? No matter how densely-packed its lines become, this track is always dominated by Coleman's violin, and maybe its wildness is just the point. If this piece is compared with earlier violin outings such as *Snowflakes and sunshine* from *Golden Circle* Vol. 2 (Blue Note BLP4225) and the still earlier Croydon *Falling stars*, it will be found his treatment of this instrument has not changed, has never 'developed', and perhaps it is not meant to.

Mingus's astonishing bass work on, say, the *Money Jungle* session (United Artists ULP1039) provides an obvious precedent for a freer use of stringed instruments in jazz, but I often suspect the lead for Coleman's venture in that direction came from Charlie Haden's strangely desolate bass solos, both *arco*, as on *Peace*, *pizzicato*, as in *Focus on sanity* (both Atlantic 1317), and in dialogues with the 'front line', as at the start of *Ramblin'* (London LTZ-K15199). The bass solo by Steve Swallow in Paul Bley's *Violin* (ESP 1021) echoes the multi-voiced aspect of Coleman's

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alto and the duet between Henry Grimes and Gary Peacock on Albert Ayler's *Prophet* (ESP 1020) is also worth hearing in this connection. Parallels with Coleman's actual violin tone are found in Grimes's playing on his own disc, *The Call* (ESP 1026), and in Joe Friedman's cello contributions to the Charles Tyler ESP (1029). More intimately related, of course, are the resources David Izenzon deploys on, for example, both the Croydon and ESP (1006) accounts of *Sadness*, which appear, I think misleadingly, to result from a slowing-down of his leader's method. However, if the kind of *sound* Coleman produces with his violin is not unique I believe what he is doing *with* it is new to jazz, and contradicts the attitudes explicit in his alto playing.

DESPITE their rejection of so many Western technical resources, Coleman's saxophone improvisations still conform to the traditional European, i.e. post-Renaissance, concept of art as expressing the unique vision of an individual creator who imposes his personal order on the confusion of ordinary experience. But Coleman's violin improvisations are far more radical. During these, as I have written in another place, he sounds less civilised, more complex, the showers of notes matted in dense, frantic textures, seem to well up with little conscious supervision. Because the player intervenes at key points to shape the solo only in a very general way, this music, like certain compositions by two other great American musicians, Charles Ives and John Cage, appears to reflect life's flux rather than to subject it to a personal, and therefore arbitrary, discipline. It is worth recalling Cage's quoting with approval (in *The Village Voice*, January 6, 1966) an orchestral player who said of Ives's 4th Symphony, after a rehearsal, "It doesn't resemble music as much as it resembles life". Such music's incorporation of the accident's, the impermanence, the endless transformations of life itself also remind one of Pierre Restany's description of the work of Jean Tinguely as "A passionate adventure of the realseen in itself and not through the prism of conceptual or imaginative transcription". Certainly Coleman's violin playing may represent an indeterminacy as drastic as Cage's, even if far cruder in its operation, and we should note the latter's comment that, "The whole idea of chance operations is that the field of awareness that's now open to us is so big that if we're not careful we'll just go to certain points in it, points with which we're already familiar. By using chance operations we can get to points with which we are unfamiliar. But that basic desire may be missing in people who use chance because they think it's easy" (quoted in Calvin Tomkin's *The Bride and the Bachelors*, Weidenfeld and Nicholson, 1965). In fact it is very hard, and the way Coleman plays the violin in no way resembles automatic writing—as has been suggested. Anybody who has attempted really free improvisation, especially as a member of a group, will know how readily one falls back on stock patterns and responses, and above all on the muscular habits acquired through years spent with an instrument. Speaking of a crucial stage in his development, Marcel Duchamp said, "I didn't get completely free of that prison of tradition, but I tried to, consciously. I unlearned to draw. The point was to forget *with my hand*" (his italics). Coleman has an advantage in that he never learnt to play the violin academically, but whether jazz—its musicians and audience—are ready for what he is attempting here is another matter. When discussing the Don Pullen/Milford Graves *Nommo* LP in our January issue I wrote, with his alto work chiefly in mind, that Coleman's avowed endeavours to play "without memory" are not necessarily successful, partly because his pro-

fessional experience has made him so conscious of the jazz and blues traditions with their repertoires of stereotyped phrases, but the quite different tactics he adopts with his violin unquestionably bring him far closer to that goal. If the new thing main stream, typified by his alto playing, indeed marks a rediscovery of the underlying potentialities of jazz, Coleman's violin explorations reach towards an even more basic level of musical utterance. Our difficulty, as noted, is a lack of any detectable link between the two. Even the most casual listener would react to the way the violin items cited above—*Snowflakes and sunshine*, *Falling stars*, and *We now interrupt for a commercial*—sharply stand off from the remaining contents of their respective LPs, and the new Blue Note gives no indication of these two sides of Coleman's output drawing any closer together. Our problem is compounded by the complete lack of any resemblance—let alone internal relationship—between the manner in which he plays his violin and the way he writes for string instruments in *Space flight* and *Saints and soldiers* on the new RCA (and in *Dedication to poets and writers*, another string quartet piece, on his ESP record). If the alto and violin improvisations represent different paths back to the roots of jazz and to the fundamentals of musical expression respectively, how are we to take these completely written-out works for the most formal of all classical European media? Each possesses a certain character of its own, if only in terms of texture, speed and *tessitura* rather than with regard to musical thought, and *Dedication* has a slightly greater range of gesture than the later pieces, but they are all curiously static in their overall effect. All are written in a kind of garrulous heterophony that flows on and on, never arriving at points of climax or resolution, the idiom being, approximately, a cross between simplified Berg and coarsened Webern.

IF ONLY because of its avowed use of indeterminacy, the other RCA item, *Sounds and forms* for wind quintet, might at first seem more relevant to the aims of Coleman's improvisations, particularly those on his violin. It will be remembered this was specially composed for the Croydon concert and its initial performance (titled *Forms and sounds*) can be heard on the Polydor records. Comparison between the two readings is certainly interesting, yet leads only to negative conclusions. Here, as in the string pieces, the evasion, much of the time, of traditional tonality is refreshing beside the grasping-at-straws conservatism of most jazzmen when attempting long works, and, more than in the string quartet items, the polyphonic texture reflects the collective improvisations of the new jazz, even if only in the sense that several things are usually occurring at once. However, on the RCA sleeve Coleman says his aim was to write "for the wind instruments so as to allow them to create a new piece every time the composition is performed", and, even with entirely different teams of musicians, this does not happen. The sole new feature of the more recent version is the trumpet links Coleman improvises between its ten movements, but, again, neither in their musical material nor in their level of expressivity do these relate to what the quintet plays, and such other differences as can be found appear to be due largely to recording balance—e.g. the more prominent horn on the stereo RCA opening movement. In any two performances of a work successfully using indeterminacy, such as Boucourechliev's *Archipel I*, recently played twice in London by the pianists Paul Crossley and Claude Helffer,

the overall feeling of the score, its persona, will be much the same on both occasions, with numerous specific details of texture easily recognisable the second time. Yet the actual shapes of the two versions will probably be very dissimilar, with moments of tension, relaxation, of high and low levels of activity quite differently positioned. By these standards the indeterminacy supposedly built into *Sounds and forms* does not work, despite its composer writing about "a new piece every time". He does not seem to have understood that the demands and consequences peculiar to this kind of activity do not parallel those implicit in a jazz solo's indeterminacy. It is no use Coleman saying, as he did in the programme notes for the original Croydon performance, that this piece is a "combination of diatonic and atonal intervals that creates a form out of a sound and a sound out of a form in which the five instruments blend not by coming together but by moving in opposing directions", because a) all music makes sounds out of forms and *vice versa*, b) there is, incidentally, no such thing as an atonal interval, and c), most importantly, the instruments do not move "in opposing directions", except on the melodic plane. Rather, as Victor Schonfield says in his notes for the Croydon LPs, is the "emotional stance of the work level and anti-expressive". Even more than in the string pieces, the music drifts on steadily,

departing from nowhere and arriving nowhere, for, as with a speaking voice, when there is no change of emphasis there is no scope for expression. In view of the communicative force of Coleman's jazz this flatness underlines the absence of links between the formally composed and the improvised halves of his work, just as the latter falls into two seemingly unconnected parts, the alto music and that for violin.

Certainly it is ironic that the man primarily responsible for jazz shedding its borrowings from Western music should turn to composing scores in a supposedly 'modern' yet in fact debased and outdated European style. Perhaps, as Jack Cooke has suggested, their production acts as a kind of therapy for Coleman, but, having listened to them most persistently before writing these comments, I take leave to doubt whether this curious music can perform that or any other function for the rest of us. Not only am I unable to resolve the contradictions between the various aspects of Coleman's output, but I begin to suspect he cannot do so himself. Yet the above discussion contains many gaps, some of them deliberate, because, as ever, I seek to open questions rather than close them. With such these paragraphs may lead others to more speculation, a great deal more listening, and perhaps some more writing, for there is undoubtedly more to be said on the matter.

MAX HARRISON

CHET BAKER

CHET BAKER SWINGS PRETTY:

Chet Baker (tpt); Russ Freeman (p); Carson Smith (bs); Larry Bunker (d) - Los Angeles - July 27, 1953

The lamp is low

Los Angeles - July 29 and 30, 1953

Easy to love : : Long ago and far away : : Carson City stage

Los Angeles - October 27, 1953

The thrill is gone

Bill Perkins (ten) dubbed on (in 1958)

Los Angeles - February 15, 1954

Time after time : : Look for the silver lining : : But not for me : :

My funny Valentine -1

-1 Baker not present on this track

Jimmy Giuffre (clt) replaces Perkins

same date

There will never be another you

Sunset SLS50009E (17/6d.)

THE above details should make plain what emerges from this record, but they do not account for the manipulations to which these 'performances' have been subject. Like discography, reviewing is becoming hazardous, and I must describe the tape-editing before I discuss the music. When *Time after time*, *Look for the silver lining*, *My funny Valentine*, *But not for me* and *There will never be another you* first appeared on Vogue they sported dreadful 'singing' from Baker. Vocal and instrumental parts must have been recorded on separate tapes (that were mixed to provide the master from which discs were cut), for several years later some humanitarian found it possible to replace this 'singing' with solos by Perkins and Giuffre, as indicated above. Both adjust their phrasing to the pre-recorded rhythmic support with skill and the only complication—a welcome one—is that as Baker did not play his trumpet on *Valentine* the removal of his vocal means he now has no part in the proceedings at all. None of this is mentioned by the notably disingenuous sleeve note, but we are told "you'll hear Bill Perkins, Jimmy Giuffre and guitarist David 'Buck' Wheat", whereas the last-mentioned is nowhere in evidence. This is because when these ten items were issued in their present form by American World Pacific—under the inaccurate title *Pretty Groovy*—there were four

additional tracks quietly omitted here but on one of which D.B. Wheat can be heard. Our being denied these further items makes for a short overall playing time and nobody at Sunset thought it necessary to alter the sleeve note.

After all of which the music seems pretty tame rather than *Pretty Groovy*. As many of the tune titles suggest, Baker wisely favoured a vein of wistful nostalgia as his chief mode of expression, yet even these quite brief readings are unable to conceal the severe limits of his inventive power. There is little doubt of his genuine response to the facile disillusionment of pieces like *The Thrill is gone*, but his melodic ideas are nearly always trivial and lines such as *Long ago and far away* are musically superior to anything he invents on them. Perkins's later insertions are light and airy, Giuffre's a bit doleful. Freeman leads the rhythm section with impressive drive but I still wish his touch were more sensitive. Finally, I should make it clear that I have no objection in principle to the kind of tape-editing that has taken place here. Indeed, if by the time these tracks are next reissued Baker's trumpet solos have gone the way of his vocals we shall be well on the way to a quite enjoyable disc.

MAX HARRISON

BENNY CARTER ORCHESTRA

FURTHER DEFINITIONS:

Benny Carter, Phil Woods (alt); Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Rouse (ten); Dick Katz (p); John Collins (g) Jimmy Garrison (bs); Jo Jones (d) - New York City - November 13 and 15, 1961

Honeysuckle rose : : The midnight sun will never set : : Crazy rhythm : : Blue star : : Cotton tail : : Body and soul : : Cherry : : Doozy

Impulse A-12 (53/9d.)

ORIGINALLY issued in this country as HMV CLP1624 (stereo)CSD1480 in 1962, but deleted a year or two later, this LP is now available again from EMI specialist dealers.

The sessions were in one sense a recreation, being based on the famous 1937 Paris date in which Carter and Hawkins took part, but although *Honeysuckle* and *Crazy rhythm* were used again as themes the performances were not shackled by what had taken place in the past. Without doubt this is Carter's finest record of the past decade, his own solos on *The midnight sun will never*

set, *Crazy rhythm*, *Blue star*, *Cherry* and *Doozy* being the high-spots of the LP. Too often in recent years one has had the feeling that Carter was coasting on record and in personal appearances, but here the elegance, lyricism and inherent structural qualities of his solos are heightened by a sense of genuine involvement. Hawkins is at his finest on *Blue star*, a Carter theme that does not deserve to be forgotten, and even manages a completely fresh solo on *Body and soul*. This was recorded at a time when Hawkins occasionally used his huge tone in a bludgeon-like manner, but here he is also concerned with developing his ideas in a logical fashion. Phil Woods has excellent solos on a number of tracks, and if Rouse is rather outclassed in this company he plays with a great deal more freshness than on his recent computerish solos with Monk. Katz is efficient though his solos are somewhat effete, but the rhythm section is sparked by the fine playing of Garrison and Jones.

One expects fine writing for a sax section from Carter and that on *Blue Star* and *Cherry* is up to his highest standards. This was a highly successful Lp, both in terms of solos and overall cohesion, and is well worth acquiring by anyone who missed it on HMV. Playing time is 33½ minutes, recording excellent.

ALBERT MCCARTHY

DUKE ELLINGTON - JOHNNY HODGES

BACK TO BACK AND SIDE BY SIDE:

Roy Eldridge (tpt); Lawrence Brown (tbn); Johnny Hodges (alt); Ben Webster (ten); Billy Strayhorn (p); Wendell Marshall (bs); Jo Jones (d) - New York City - August 14, 1958

25000-4	<i>Just a memory</i>
25001-5	<i>Let's fall in love</i>
25002-1	<i>Big shoe</i>
25003-3	<i>Ruint</i>
25004-5	<i>Bend one</i>
25005-6	<i>You need to rock</i>

Harry Edison (tpt); Johnny Hodges (alt); Duke Ellington (p); Les Spann (g, f); Sam Jones (bs); Jo Jones (d) - New York City - February 20, 1959

Basin Street blues : : *Beale Street blues* : : *St. Louis blues* : : *Loveless love* : : *Royal Garden blues*

Al Hall (bs) replaces Sam Jones - same date

Wabash blues : : *Weary blues* : : *Stompy Jones* : : *Squeeze me* : : *Going up*

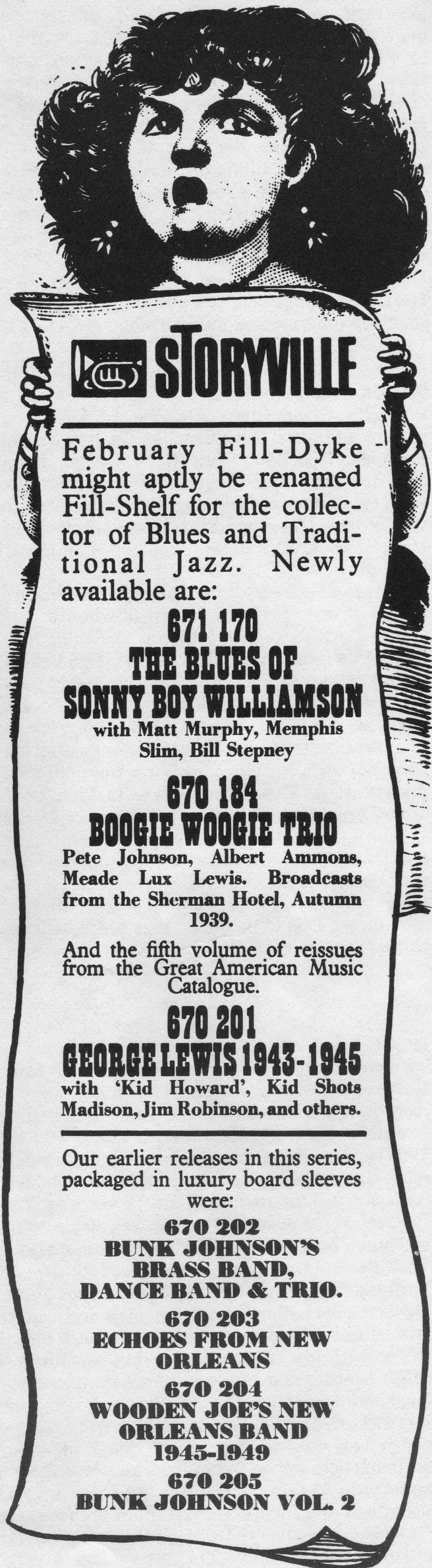
Verve VSP-11/12 (37/6d)

THE RETURN of these two LPs to the catalogue would be an event under any circumstances,

at the bargain rate of two records for the price of one they are doubly welcome, and there is no doubt that they represent the finest issue to date in Verve's VSP series.

The session with Duke Ellington present is justly famous for his brilliant and inventive solos on all tracks, solos which spurred Hodges on to some of his best playing for years. *Weary blues* is the highlight of a remarkable LP, with a wonderful opening solo by Ellington and a deeply reflective contribution by Hodges, though even on such hoary standards as *Royal Garden blues* — the only 12 bar theme on the LP — and *St. Louis blues* the two major participants manage to sustain their high level of invention. In facing such a challenge Edison manages to raise his sights, taking particularly good solos on *Stompy Jones* and *Weary*, though on some of the other tracks he falls back on his stock clichés and inevitably suffers by comparison with the others. On occasion in recent years Hodges has sounded rather uninvolved on record, but with Ellington as the catalyst he produced a number of solos on this date that must rank as amongst his greatest on record.

The session with Strayhorn replacing Ellington has been rather overlooked by comparison with the 1959 date, yet with the single important exception of the piano work it is on a par with it. Roy Eldridge, at his best a much greater trumpeter than Edison, plays superbly throughout with a rare combination of control and excitement. Those who consider him an exhibitionist should hear his beautiful wistful solo on *Just a memory*, while on *Big shoe* he performs with great drive and makes good use of the



STORYVILLE

February Fill-Dyke might aptly be renamed Fill-Shelf for the collector of Blues and Traditional Jazz. Newly available are:

671 170
THE BLUES OF
SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON
with Matt Murphy, Memphis Slim, Bill Stepney

670 184
BOOGIE WOOGIE TRIO
Pete Johnson, Albert Ammons, Meade Lux Lewis. Broadcasts from the Sherman Hotel, Autumn 1939.

And the fifth volume of reissues from the Great American Music Catalogue.

670 201
GEORGE LEWIS 1943-1945
with 'Kid Howard', Kid Shots Madison, Jim Robinson, and others.

Our earlier releases in this series, packaged in luxury board sleeves were:

670 202
BUNK JOHNSON'S
BRASS BAND,
DANCE BAND & TRIO.

670 203
ECHOES FROM NEW
ORLEANS

670 204
WOODEN JOE'S NEW
ORLEANS BAND
1945-1949

670 205
BUNK JOHNSON VOL. 2

high register without his playing deteriorating into gallery tetching effects. Brown plays well throughout, though he appears to be a musician who drawn strong reactions one way or another from most jazz followers, and Webster's lyricism blossoms in this disciplined setting. If *Weary* can be considered a masterpiece from the 1959 date, *Ruint* is in its own way equally worthy of praise. It is reminiscent of some of the earlier Hodges small group dates with Ellington musicians, and against a gentle ensemble riff Hodges fashions a wonderful solo that is elegant without being contrived. *You need to rock* presents Hodges in a driving solo that serves to remind one that he can swing as hard as anyone when the occasion calls for it.

These LPs, with excellent recording, offer 97 minutes of music. They are amongst that very small number of records which can justly be described as indispensable. ALBERT MCCARTHY

DON ELLIS ORCHESTRA

SHOCK TREATMENT:

Don Ellis, Glenn Stuart, Alan Weight, Ed Warren, Bob Harmon (tpt); Ron Myers, Dave Sanchez, Terry Woodson (tbn); Ruben Leon, Joe Roccisano (sop, alt, fl); Ira Schulman (ten, picc, fl, clt); Ron Starr (ten, fl, clt); John Magruder (bar, fl, bs clt); Mike Lang (p, Fender p, Clavinet); Ray Neapolitan (bs, sitar); Frank De La Rosa, Dave Parlato (bs); Steve Bohannon, Chino Valdes, Mark Stevens, Alan Estes (percussion); unidentified mixed chorus -1

New kind of country : : *Night city -1* : : *Homecoming* : : *Mercy, maybe mercy* : : *Opus 5* : : *Star children -1* : : *Beat me daddy, seven to the bar* : : *Milo's theme* : : *The tihai*

(N.B. In a letter in the October 31, 1968 issue of *Down Beat* Don Ellis mentions that after he had completed the mixing and editing for this LP, American Columbia subsequently issued it with rejected masters and unapproved takes, wrong tunes included, unauthorised splices made (beats were even missing from bars) and whole sections cut, some being, in Ellis's opinion, the high points of the record. As a result the liner note done for the original LP does not agree with what is heard on the record. In the U.S.A. the LP was withdrawn and the correct one substituted, but it is clear that our own C.B.S. have issued the 'wrong' tape through no fault of their own. The personnel listing is incorrect in some details and the chorus on *Night City* and *Star children*, for example, is not mentioned. It is to be hoped that C.B.S. will replace this with the correct tape as soon as possible.)

CBS 63356 (37/6d.)

ELLIS and Sun Ra have shown, despite considerable evidence to the contrary, that the large group is still viable. The clearest sign here is the freshness with which everything is played—there is a total absence of that session-veteran glibness which has spoilt many potentially fine records, e.g. Dameron's *Magic Touch*. Paralleling this is a freedom—more apparent than on previous LPs (*J.M.* February and May, 1968)—from those scoring formulae that have long characterised most jazz orchestral studio records, and which were dead when Basie started popularising them 15 years ago. Even so, because the richness of the ensemble's resources disgraces that kind of poverty, too much fuss could be made over its more novel procedures. True, despite the fact Ellis now plays for dancers, there is no soothing syrup here for the nostalgia bugs of please-bring-those-big-bands-back fame; yet the music's deep-laid rhythmic life powerfully affirms its continuance of jazz traditions. Those electronic instruments and unusual time-signatures the sleeve notes get so concerned over are marginal compared to the constant imagination with which such devices are employed. The straightforward drive of *Beat me daddy, seven to the bar*, the ease with which *New kind of country* is handled, the long, elaborate *Opus 5*'s being despatched in one take all prove the band is entirely at home with its tools, and this is not so surprising because the time-signatures, the widened spectrum of orchestral colours and other features arise logically from within, from the music's expressive intent. If a large band is the only vehicle for what Ellis needs to say it is because his music is essentially orchestral in conception, the proof being that each piece, even more than the *Electric Bath*

set, generates its own kind of internal tension, this in turn being due to every score's unfolding as an organic whole, not as a stringing together of formulae. Further, each item is packed with incidents peculiar to it alone, and the shifting depths and variety of its textures, with things simultaneously happening close up, on the far horizon, and in between, are obviously reminiscent of Gil Evans, although that great recomposer's brooding sensitivity is partly replaced with rhythmic assertion, his glowing, opalescent colours with more astringent tones. Sometimes, as on *Star Children* or *Night City*, Ellis manages, paradoxically, to be terse and luxuriant at the same time, shaping his forces with a discipline that never denies exuberance. As on his earliest, further out, discs (*J.M.* April, 1968), what links all elements of this music together is a personal sense of melody, most apparent in his splendid solos on *Tihai*, *Homecoming* and *Opus 5*, but, even more than rhythm and tone-colour, providing the essential thread at every level.

MAX HARRISON

BOOKER ERVIN

THE IN BETWEEN:

Richard Williams (tpt); Booker Ervin (ten, fl -1); Bobby Few, Jr. (p); Cevera Jeffries (bs); Lenny McBrowne (d) - Englewood Cliffs, N.J. - 1968

The in between : : *The muse -1* : : *Mour* : : *Sweet pea* : : *Largo* : : *Tyra*

Blue Note BST 84283 (47/5d.)

BOOKER Ervin's records have always maintained a high standard and this one, his first leader for Blue Note, is as good as any of them. With a latter-day blowing session such as this one there can be few surprises at a basic level; what is important is the strength and imagination of the playing involved. Ervin is good throughout, roaring through his solos in a typically brusque and confident way, showing a real understanding of what he's at and revealing considerable sensitivity whenever it's necessary. Williams is a good stylistic contrast, and on *Tyra* and *Muse* particularly his ability to slide from note to note and his rather shrill tone are used very well. Bassist and pianist are new to me: Jeffries is strong and consistent, while Few has the difficult task of being in the spot one has been used to finding Jaki Byard holding, and his generalised Evans-Hancock-Kelly stuff, good enough though it is at its own level, doesn't prod Ervin like Byard's work did. McBrowne is good most of the time, though on the medium-slow *Tyra* the rhythm section as a whole seems to be taking it just a shade too easy. But these are minor points and don't heavily mar the enjoyment of what is overall a good, well organised session.

JACK COOKE

LEM FOWLER

LEMUEL FOWLER (p) - New York City - July 19, 1923

81107-5

Satisfied blues

81108-7

Blues mixture

FOWLER'S WASHBOARD WONDERS:

Percy Glascoe (clt, alt); Lemuel Fowler (p); Unknown (wbd). New York City - July 2, 1925

140742-3

Chitterlin strut

140743-2

Washboard stomp

Seymour Irick (tpt) added - New York City - August 27, 1925

140870-3

Dodgin' my man

140871-3

Pig foot shuffle

New York City - September 24, 1925

141042-2

Steppin' old fool

141043-2

Express train blues

New York City - October 28, 1925

141202-3

The Florida blues

141203-2

Salty dog

New York City - March 1, 1926

141693-5

Jelly Roll blues

141730-6

Frisky feet

LEM FOWLER'S FAVORITES:

Unknown tpt; tbn; clt; alt; ten; Lemuel Fowler (p,vcl-1)

unknown bj; tu; d - New York City - July 5, 1927

144427-1

Percolatin' blues -1

Hot strut

VJM M VLP-18 (42/9d)

FOWLER is a shadowy figure indeed but it seems unlikely from his style that he was a

native of New York. *Satisfied* and *Blues* are very pleasant solos, the former using some neat left hand patterns and the latter a rudimentary boogie bass, and I regret that he did not record more solos in this vein. The "Washboard Wonders" performances suffer from a curious reticence on Fowler's part to feature himself at length, for his solos on such titles as *Express train blues*, *Florida blues* and *Jelly Roll blues* are agreeable, which is more than can be said for any of Percy Glascoe's alto playing and a great deal of his clarinet work. There is a strong vaudeville element about Glascoe's work that is typical of much New York jazz of the period, though in the unison passages with Irick he is capable enough. The latter, another obscure musician, is rhythmically rather rigid but at least avoids hokum effects, his solos on *Steppin' old fool* (with plunger), *Express train*, *Salty dog* and *Jelly Roll* being reasonable enough.

The final two tracks have a four piece front line, Fowler's vocal on *Percolatin'* being pleasant, but the best performance is *Hot strut* (based on *South*) which has competent solos from tenor, clarinet and trombone, and an excellent one from Fowler in the stride manner. This latter is intriguing, for it suggests that Fowler had been listening to musicians like James P. Johnson. VJM deserve congratulations for making available LPs documenting fields that are not usually covered by reissues from other companies, no doubt because of their slight commercial potential. Unlike the Georgians LP reviewed elsewhere this is very much an item for collectors with a specialist interest in the main artist or New York jazz of the period: considering the date of the originals the sound is surprisingly clear though the washboard is not too well recorded. Playing time is 45½ minutes.

ALBERT MCCARTHY

GEORGIANS**GEORGIANS:**

Frank Guarente (tpt,ldr); Ray Stilwell or Archie Jones (tbn); Dick Johnson (clt, alt, ten); Johnny O'Donnell (clt, bs-clt, alt); Arthur Schutt (p); Russell Deppe (bj); Chauncey Moorhouse (d)
New York City - September 6, 1923

81196-1 *Land of cotton blues*81197-1 *Mama loves Papa*

New York City - September 16, 1923

81214-2 *Mama goes where Papa goes*81215-3 *Somebody's wrong*

New York City - October 9, 1923

81272-2 *I'm sitting pretty in a pretty little city*81273-1 *Learn to do the strut*

New York City - November 8, 1923

81335-1 *Home town blues*81336-2 *You may be fast, but mama's gonna slow you down*

New York City - November 17, 1923

81360-3 *Shake your feet*81361-1 *Old fashioned love*

New York City - November 30, 1923

81375-3 *You'd better keep babying baby -1*81376-2 *I've got a cross-eyed Papa -1*

-1 unknown male vocalist on this track

New York City - December 29, 1923

81444-3 *Lovey came back*81445-2 *Dancin' Dan*

VJM M VLP-13 (42/9d)

THIS is the second VJM LP devoted to The Georgians, the first being reviewed in our

April 1967 issue by Giuseppe Barazzetta who four months earlier had a fascinating life story of Frank Guarante published in this magazine. Mr. Barazzetta has contributed the excellent sleeve notes to this new release, and the titles are presented in chronological sequence. The personnel lists Johnson as being absent on



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the September 16 and October 9 sessions but as there are definitely two reeds present this is an error.

In his well researched story on Guarente, Mr. Barazzetta mentioned his meetings with King Oliver and the influence the latter had on his playing. It is indeed curious on the earliest Georgians performances contained on volume one of the set to hear unmistakably Oliver-styled work from Guarante that predated Oliver's own initial recordings. The influence is again apparent on most of the tracks here, notably the lead and breaks on such titles as *Mama loves Papa*, *Home town blues* and *Mama goes where Papa goes*, but Guarente was no slavish copyist and his lyrical solo on *Dancin' Dan* gives hints of Beiderbecke's later playing. Where Guarente scored over most of his contemporaries was in the excellence of his lead work and in a rhythmic relaxation well displayed on *You'd better keep babying baby*. The best musician after Guarente is undoubtedly O'Donnell who while capable of the corny clarinet solo on *I'm sitting pretty*

(this could be Johnson though), generally plays well and on such titles as *Mama loves Papa*, *Home town blues*, *Old fashioned love* and, particularly, *Lovey come back*, contributes excellent choruses with a spiky tone. The sax work is of the period and the rhythm section somewhat leaden, though Schutt's raggy solo on *You may be fast* is better than much of his later playing. A male vocalist makes a regrettable appearance on *You'd better keep babying* and *I've got a cross-eyed Papa*, though it is novel to hear him singing the lyrics of the latter title without changing Papa to Mama!

The style of the Georgians is a mixture of improvised ensemble work and arranged passages, and equally, of course, a blend of jazz and dance music. It is clear that Guarante brought a degree of musical intelligence to the planning of these recordings that was unusual for the period, particularly when one considers the sometimes threadbare themes. For anyone with an interest in early jazz this LP, along with its companion VLP-12 can be highly recommended. The recording quality is dependent on the condition of the originals used for dubbing but is reasonable in the main, while the playing time is 45½ minutes.

ALBERT MCCARTHY

COLEMAN HAWKINS

SWING MASTERS:

Idrees Sulieman (tpt); J.J. Johnson (tbn); Coleman Hawkins (ten); Harry Jones (p); Barry Galbraith (g); Oscar Pettiford (bs); Jo Jones (d) - New York City - March 12 and 15, 1957

Chant : : *Juicy fruit* : : *Think deep* : : *Laura* : : *Blue lights* : : *Sanctity*

Riverside 673 011 (37/6d.)

THIS is a good example of the high quality blowing sessions, sometimes featuring unexpected musicians, in which Riverside specialised. Hawkins himself is on fine form here, and this in itself will be recommendation enough for a lot of people: his tone rich yet subtle, his ideas flowing quickly and swinging strongly on the up tempo numbers, on *Laura* and the ballad-like *Think deep* his work lavish yet never lacking discipline; his control of the horn at all times supreme. There are few men who can keep up with him on such form; Sulieman, however, produces a spirited and idiosyncratic performance that, though it doesn't match Hawk's in terms of techniques or consistency and depth of style, does have real flair and comes close at times to stealing the whole show. His solo on *Juicy fruit*, in fact, opening with a single note sustained for 36 bars and closing with a quote from *Robin Hood*, is quite a masterpiece of mild eccentricity. J.J.'s playing is somewhat looser and broader than usual, and he makes a good foil for the other horns, though his playing seems to be on a slightly smaller scale than the others and because of this makes less impact than it should, I think. The rhythm section has a good foundation in Jones and Pettiford, a combination of solid strength and dancing delicacy; Galbraith and Jones fill it out efficiently, though their solo contributions are for me entirely forgettable. All in all, a refreshing album.

JACK COOKE

BUNK JOHNSON

BUNK JOHNSON 1944, VOL.2:

Bunk Johnson (tpt); Jim Robinson (tbn); Sidney 'Jim Little' Brown (tu-1); George Lewis (clt); Lawrence Marrero (bj); Alcide Pavageau (bs); Baby Dodds (d); Myrtle Jones (vcl-2) - San Jacinto Hall, New Orleans - July 31, 1944

206 *Blue as I can be -2*

207 *See see rider -2*

208 *Precious Lord -1, 2*

214 *New Iberia blues -1*

San Jacinto Hall, New Orleans - August 2, 1944

404 *Ballin' the jack*

San Jacinto Hall, New Orleans - August 3, 1944

416 *Blues*

506 *There's yes yes in your eyes*

517 *Alabamy bound*

Storyville 670205 (37/6d)

A CONSIDERABLE portion of Johnson's American Music recordings are now locally available at last. Indeed, so far as I can remember, 207, 208, 404 and 517 never appeared on 78s and this account of *New Iberia blues* is different from that once obtainable on AM 257. A reissue of the 1947 Columbias is now required so that new listeners can get his music into some kind of perspective. As both Bruce King and myself have written at length in these pages, the American Music performances are not reconstructions of the jazz past, arrived at in a spirit of conscientious antiquarianism, as collectors not unnaturally assumed in the 'forties (and as some few still believe). Rather are they an unexpectedly successful compromise between Johnson's own aims—outlined by the Columbias and a few other isolated recordings—and the capabilities of the musicians he was obliged to play with plus the lack of understanding of the men associated with his rediscovery.

Ballin' the jack follows the same approach as the version out on VJM VEP 33, cut earlier that same year with musicians of whose skills Johnson no doubt had a better opinion, such as Floyd O'Brien and Red Callender. Needless to say, the AM has its own virtues, prominent among them being the gracefully shifting emphases of the ensembles, typified by an intriguing passage where the clarinet leads with the melody and Johnson plays a '2nd trumpet' part around it; this was perhaps developed from their first, Jazz Man, reading of 1942 (Good Time Jazz LAG 545), in which twice, and at the same point in the tune, Johnson drops out and Lewis takes the lead. There is a beautiful, soaring clarinet solo on *Blues*, a demonstration, as Martin Williams says in his excellent *Jazz Masters of New Orleans* (Macmillan), that Lewis is "deeply and passionately in touch with the essence of music". And in his own solo the leader makes a better use of ideas we first heard on the 1942 *Franklin Street blues* (Melodisc MLP12-112). This later *Blues* ends with an unusually long collective improvisation and, while the pace is varied and interest well sustained, one cannot help wondering, unkindly, it is true, what solemn theorists made of the two choruses of 'swing era' riffing which follow Johnson's solo, for while the riff has a perfectly honourable place in New Orleans jazz this was not admitted during the 'forties. On *There's yes yes* also there are light, dancing, unemphatic, almost understated ensembles that dissolve a basically commonplace melody into constantly changing contrapuntal textures, and carrying the listener a million miles from dixieland. Dodds's woodblocks almost become an additional front-line voice here and are particularly incisive on *Alabamy bound* (Morton's *Don't you leave me here*). In the latter piece and on *Blues* when Lewis has the lead for a while during the long final ensemble, Dodds gets close to double-time and tellingly enhances the firm yet seemingly lazy swing of the horns. Better if they had not met Miss Jones, for she is mean-voiced and monotonous, the tracks on which she appears being almost a complete loss. Yet *Blue as I can be* is worth hearing for Johnson's accompaniment, his sens-

itive fill-ins an almost ironic complement to the voice's strident inflexibility.

MAX HARRISON

ELVIN JONES/RICHARD DAVIS

HEAVY SOUNDS:

Frank Foster (ten); Billy Greene (p); Richard Davis (bs); Elvin Jones (d, g-1) - New York City - 1968

Raunchy Rita : : *Shiny stockings -2* : : *M.E.* : : *Summertime-3* : : *Elvin's guitar blues -1* : : *Here's that rainy day*

2- Greene out; 3- Foster and Greene out

Impulse (MILP) SILP 513 (37/5d.)

THE last time I reviewed an Elvin Jones album was all of three months ago, at which time I also reviewed a Frank Foster album. Both of them were superior to the present record, perhaps because neither of them was produced by Bob Thiele (who has since left Impulse), for "Heavy Sounds" suffers from the lack of direction caused by too much direction. For instance, it has two dud tracks lasting only 3 minutes each: *M.E.* is an undistinguished 32-bar (although bars 19 and 20 are reminiscent of Stan Tracey) with a brief piano solo, while the slow *Guitar blues* ends quite abruptly when at least one of the performers wasn't expecting it—incidentally, Elvin's guitar work at the start of this track is about as good as Milt Jackson's or Paul Gonsalves's, i.e. terrible. Foster plays rather perfunctorily out of his new bag on the two standards, although his own *Shiny stockings* gains considerably from Davis's remarkably free yet harmonically sound idiosyncracies; it also gains from the absence of Greene, who elsewhere clings to his clichés like stepping-stones in the raging torrent of the rhythm team (and I know just how he feels).

The two most successful tracks are the longest, lasting 11 minutes each out of a total of 40½ for the whole album, and, although *Raunchy Rita* is a shade too long, all four contributors play their part in creating a beautifully funky, groovy, sock-it-to-me, eight-to-the-bar feel, where rhythm is more important than melody—where rhythm *is* melody, in fact. The moody *Summertime*, on the other hand, seems much shorter than it is, and is almost as good as you might expect from an unaccompanied duet between Jones and Davis, recalling at times Dophy and Davis's *Alone together* (now reissued on Joy JOY116). But I would hesitate before saying that even this track is alone worth the price of the album.

BRIAN PRIESTLEY

CHARLES LLOYD

BIZARRE:

Charles Lloyd (ten); Eddie Khan (bs); Roy Haynes (d) - New York City - May 27 and 29, 1963

Ol' Five Spot

add Don Friedman (p) - same dates

Forest flower : : *Bizarre* : : *Days of wine and roses*

Lloyd (ten, fl -1); Don Friedman (p); Richard Davis (bs); J.C.

Moses (d) - same dates

How can I tell you? : : *Little peace -1* : : *Sweet Georgia Bright* : :

Love song to a baby -1

CBS Realm Jazz 52541 (25/11d.)

THIS LP was recorded before Lloyd became the most talked about jazz man of whichever year it was. It is a worthy, professional album by a man of obvious talents, and there is none of the gimmicky avant-garde appendages which one has since come to expect. Looking for significant pointers, one notices the special relationship between Lloyd and Coltrane. Now this was a time when every young tenor was playing a large slice at least of Coltrane's style, so Lloyd is not unique in this. His debt to Coltrane is particularly striking because he based much of his material on Coltrane recordings. Thus *How can I tell?* and *Days of wine* are slow ballads in the manner of *Theme for Ernie*; *Forest flower* is close to *Moment's notice*; *Sweet Georgia* is faster and a bit more modern (early Impulse). It is his

willingness to lean so closely on someone else's discoveries which perhaps helped him to attract a wide audience, since he was offering only a simplified version of music with which the audience was vaguely familiar. The publicists and the kaftans took over afterwards.

Derivations apart, Lloyd's work on these tracks is quite impressive. On the remaining sides he takes two nondescript flute solos and attempts some modest free-form blowing. Friedman is an excellent post-Bill Evans pianist rarely heard on local releases, and the others are fine. Anyone who wants just one Lloyd LP could do a great deal worse than buy this one.

RONALD ATKINS

MIKE MAINIERI QUARTET

INSIGHT:

Mike Mainieri (vib); Joe Beck (g); Lyn Christie (bs); Don McDonald (d) - New York City - 1968

Autumn leaves : : *Skating in Central Park* : : *Rain child* : : *On the trail* : : *Instant garlic* : : *Minnesota thins*

Solid State USS 7006 (37/5d.)

THE last time I reviewed an album called "Insight" (October 1966 issue) it was by Prince Lasha—and not a pretty sight. This time we are afforded an insight into the problem of plagiarism which is always a problem for the conscientious commentator. Still, it must be remembered that all aesthetic evaluation is an act of comparison, and comparison is sometimes invidious.

You have only to look at the instrumentation of this group to guess that Mike Mainieri (who in his younger days sounded a lot like Lionel Hampton) now sounds a lot like Gary Burton—but not enough like him to constitute serious competition. Joe Beck (who is a new name to me) tries hard to sound like Larry Correll, and succeeds—sometimes. Lyn Christie (who is Australian, although there is no such relevant information on the sleeve) sounds more like Slam Stewart than Steve Swallow, except that he hums approximately in harmony with his bass instead of at the octave unison—big deal! And Don McDonald (who came here a couple of years ago with Astrud Gilberto) sounds like Bob Moses on an off-day—which means very, very unswinging. The fact that I'm not wild about the Gary Burton Quartet does not alter the fact that they are better in every way than the Mike Mainieri Quartet.

Interestingly, the leader plays a couple of wrong notes here and there, which is relatively easy to get away with on vibes (as Red Norvo has discovered these days), and he rushes the tempo so much after the free section of *Instant garlic* that the whole thing almost falls apart. I could think of several words to put on the label in place of "garlic", but perhaps more urgent would be the removal of the time-honoured jazz word "solid".

BRIAN PRIESTLEY

HERBIE MANN

ST. THOMAS:

Herbie Mann (fl, bs-clt -1); Johnny Rae (vib); Bob Corwin (p); Jack Six (bs); "Philly" Joe Jones (d); Jose Mangual, Carlos "Potato" Valdes, Victor Pantoja (perc) - New York City 1959

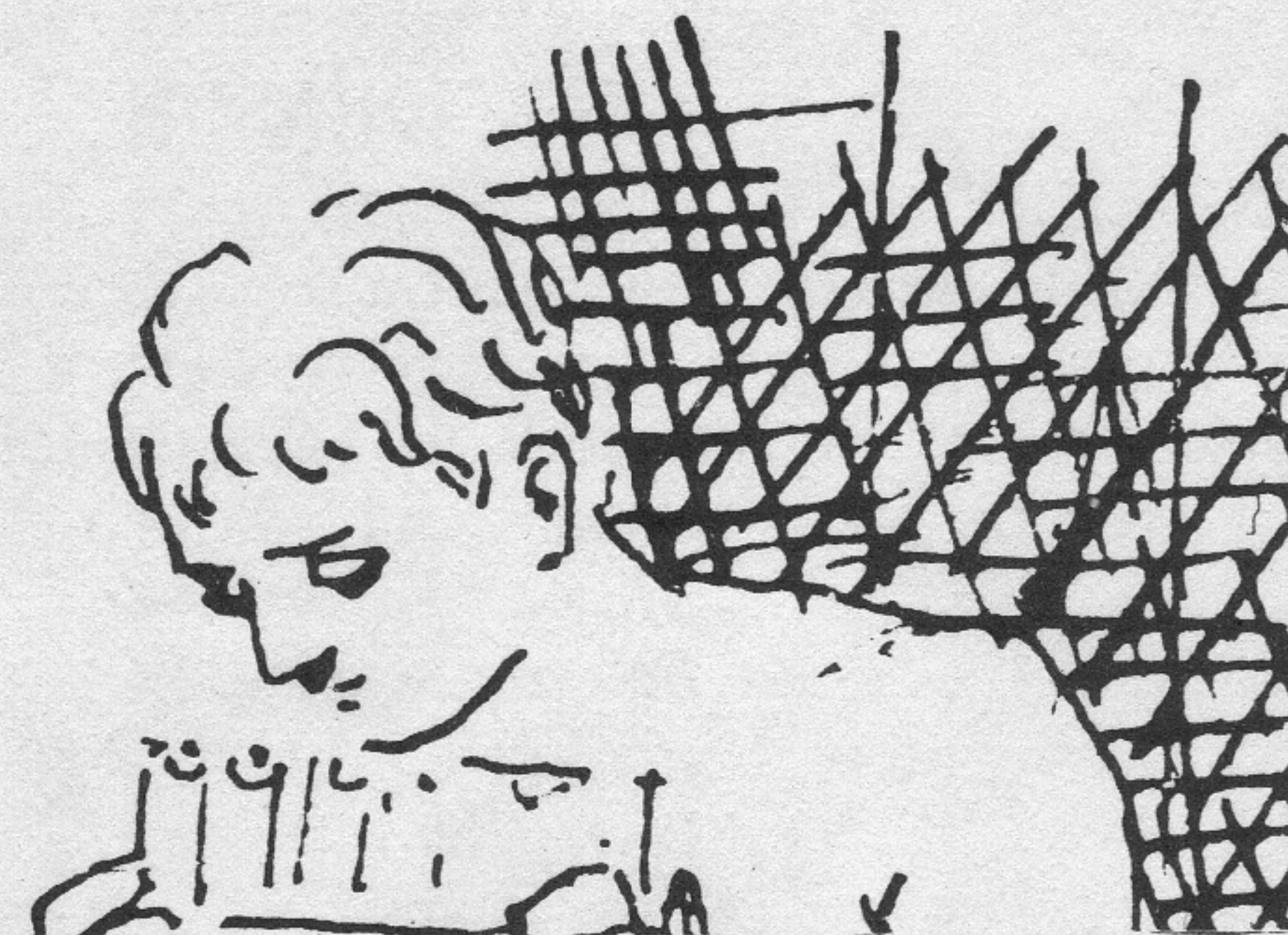
St. Thomas : : *Sorimao -1* : : *Jungle fantasy*

Corwin, Six and Jones out; Rae plays marimba - same date

Bedouin : : *Sudan* : : *Ekunda* : : *Guinea*

Solid State USS 7007 (37/5d.)

THE LAST time I heard this record was early in 1960 on Voice Of America, when it was issued as "Johnny Rae plays Herbie Mann's African Suite" (United Artists UAL4042); this, and the fact that it seems to have been recorded but not issued when the 1960 edition of Feather's *Encyclopedia* was written, leads me to posit a 1959 recording date, despite Jepsen's implausible "1952". Naturally, the sleeve doesn't show a recording date, but it does bring corroboration in the phrase "Produced and directed by Tom Wilson" who at that period was recording Cecil Taylor for United Artists and who later recorded Bob Dylan!



Anyway, this is obviously one of the earliest examples extant of Exotic Mann attempting to prove that no man is an island - unfortunately, of course, "St. Thomas" himself is an island (eighteen and a quarter degrees North - sixty-five degrees West) so the experiment was doomed to failure from the start. Side Two is the "authentic" African bit and, indeed, the material may even be authentic, but Mann's performance is no more convincing than the chanting of the "natives" in "King Kong". Side One, on the other hand, is standard Latin-American incorporating a jazz rhythm-section (so-called although, in his one solo, Six manages to get the beat turned around!); it affords a happily rare opportunity to hear Mann's bass-clarinet, on which the thin tone and lack of ideas are even more painful than on flute, and it includes a mild travesty of Esy Morales's *Jungle fantasy*, "the first record I ever heard" according to Mann in a recent interview. On the title track, however, the Latin drummers are heard in the theme and thereafter only in occasional fills, which is an interesting idea even if it does sound as if they were just bored with having nothing to do. In fact, the work of the drummers is the only interesting thing about the album—especially Philly Joe, of course, who in the last 15 months has been responsible for some of the most exciting (and a few of the most embarrassing) moments on the London jazz scene. Finally, on a purely personal note, the pianist here is the former husband of another American-in-England, singer Arlene Corwin, whom I accompanied during her recent stint at Ronnie Scott's.

BRIAN PRIESTLEY

JACK McDUFF

THE DYNAMIC JACK McDUFF

Red Holloway (ten); Jack McDuff (org); George Benson (g); Joe Dukes (d) - Englewood Cliffs, N.J. - c.1964

Rail head : : *What's new?* : : *Bossa nova West*

as above, plus large orchestra arranged and conducted by Benny Golson - same date

Main theme from 'The Carpetbaggers' : : *You better love me* : : *Once in a lifetime* : : *The theme from 'The pink panther'*

XTRA XTRA5056 (25/6d.)

McDUFF LPs pour thick and fast (at least I always seem to be reviewing them) and

obviously they get bought. Perhaps it is simply because there is a limit to how often a capable musician can be dismissed casually by even the most jaundiced reviewer, but I prefer this to many of the McDuff's which have come my way. Functional, non-cerebral LPs such as his should proceed with the maximum of relaxed swing and the minimum of pretentious pseudo-soul, and this one just about passes by.

The first side is a pleasant, semi-commercial job. Golson did not tax himself over-much writing the arrangements—though that of *You better love me* is just recognisable as being by him—but they are well done for what they are. Of course the whole thing is built round a selling formula, as were the two bits of over-indulged cinematic dross from which two of these numbers derive. I doubt whether big bands and organs really suit each other.

The tracks on Side Two are above average mainly due to Benson, an excellent guitarist in this context. Joe Dukes quickly ruins *Rail head* with the thudding four-to-the-bar which often passes for drumming on organ dates, but *What's new?* glides along with a nice chorus shared between guitar and Holloway's Moody-ish tenor. The bossa nova receives McDuff's work on the record.

RONALD ATKINS

JIMMY McGRUFF

A BAG FULL OF BLUES:

Joe Newman (tpt); Jerome Richardson (ten, sop); Jimmy McGriff (org); Barry Galbraith, Wallace Richardson (g); Richard Davis (bs); Mel Lewis (d) - New York City - c. 1968

Better late than never : : *Finishin'* : : *Slim Jim* : : *Time waltzes on* : : *The long day's night* : : *The long hot walk* : : *The Deacon's peekin'* : : *Friday nite's rite*

Solid State USS 7004 (37/5d.)

THIS IS a simple organ-and-horns date, typical of this bread-and-butter aspect of recorded jazz, with straightforward theme statements and a string of solos to follow, and on its own level it works pretty well. There are no real attempts to alter the formulae that govern these sessions; in fact most of them are followed out with some evident enjoyment and this makes them appear, if not fresh, then at least not stale. McGriff is economical, his solos push along well and he's well supported by the rhythm section; Richardson contributes some broad, rather obvious phrasing. The most personal work is Newman's; his tone and phrasing is somewhat at odds with what else is going on but everything gains from this touch of individuality in the end. Manny Albam wrote all the lines; though neat they're not particularly original and in this simple context the additional functions of conductor and arranger credited to him on the sleeve seem more than a little far-fetched. JACK COOKE

HAROLD McNAIR

THE QUARTET:

Harold McNair (ten -1, fl -2); Bill Le Sage (p); Spike Heatley (bs); Tony Carr (d) - London - 1968

Mento -1 : : *Indecision -2* : : *Lord of the reedy river -2* : : *The hipster -2* : : *Mini blues -1* : : *Secret love -2* : : *Darn that dream -2* : : *On a clear day -1* : : *The cottage -2*

RCA SF 7969 (37/6d.)

THERE is little one can say about the music here and none of it good. McNair is a resourceful flautist, better than many one could name (his tenor playing is best ignored), but he does not have the presence to carry an LP by himself. He works hard, humming and over-blowing, and some of his lines are long and appealing, but he is essentially a second-rank performer who would need fresh-sounding arrangements and firm accompaniment to make any impact. Unfortunately the routines are unimaginative and the backing pedestrian. Carr's playing, in particular, reveals the lack of definition, the relentless clatter in place of accents or cross-rhythms which besets so many local drummers. I have enjoyed listening to McNair in clubs interpreting more-or-less this sort of material, but an LP needs to be so much tighter and so much more sustained.

RONALD ATKINS

THELONIOUS MONK AND GERRY MULLIGAN

MULLIGAN MEETS MONK:

Gerry Mulligan (bar); Thelonious Monk (p); Wilbur Ware (bs); Shadow Wilson (d) - New York City - August 12 and 13, 1957

'Round midnight : : *Rhythm-a-ning* : : *Sweet and lovely* : : *Decidedly* : : *Straight, no chaser* : : *I mean you*

Riverside 673 012 (37/6d.)

NEVER having bought this LP on any of its previous incarnations I am delighted to receive it now. It is true that the protagonists are not really compatible and that there are awkward moments, on *Midnight* and *Rhythm-a-ning* for instance, where Mulligan clearly is not sure what is coming next. Most of Monk's early Riversides sounded under-rehearsed and he is not an easy man to play with on sight. The difference in musical weight between Monk and Mulligan does show through at times, notably on *Straight* where Mulligan's solo, good on one level, is over much in his neo-Chicago blues-stomping vein for the context—Monk being adept at laying bare

another man's superficialities. On the other hand, Mulligan's full chorus on *Midnight* is one of the best things he has done, imaginative in itself and a perfect commentary on Monk's theme. He is also superb on the final expansive choruses of *Sweet and lovely*, and on the whole copes well enough.

Monk himself was in excellent form, though hampered at times, as on *Sweet*, by Mulligan's habit of accompanying the piano solos and of trying to anticipate what Monk will play next. Notice his wonderful way with accents on *I mean you*: the most typical Monk composition on the LP, its angular, suspense-filled theme is a natural for anyone who understands his music, and who better than the composer? Wilbur Ware is as always a pleasure to hear, even if he has contributed more to other Monk LPs. Shadow Wilson drums somewhat too discreetly for Monk, but then a more aggressive display might have bothered Mulligan.

RONALD ATKINS

WES MONTGOMERY

A TRIBUTE TO WES MONTGOMERY:

Ernie Royal, Clark Terry, Snooky Young (tpt); Jimmy Cleveland, Urbie Green, Quentin Jackson, Chauncey Welsch (tbn); Don Butterfield or Harvey Phillips (tu); Jerome Richardson (reeds); Bobby Scott (p); Wes Montgomery (g); Bob Cranshaw (bs); Grady Tate (d); Willie Bobo (perc); Johnny Pate (arr, cond) - New York City - November 11 or 16, 1964

West coast blues : : *People*

Roger Kellaway (p); Wes Montgomery (g); Bob Cranshaw (bs); Helcio Milito, Grady Tate (d); Candido Camero (bongo, conga); nine violins, two violas, two cellos, bass harp; Don Sebesky (arr, cond) - New York City - May 1965

Here's that rainy day : : *Musty*

Wynton Kelly (p); Wes Montgomery (g); Paul Chambers (bs); Jimmy Cobb (d) - New York City - September 22, 1965

Four on six

Donald Byrd, Joe Newman, Ernie Royal (tpt); Wayne Andre, Jimmy Cleveland, Quentin Jackson (tbn); Bob Ashton, Phil Woods, Jerry Dodgion, Romeo Penque, Danny Bank (reeds); Herbie Hancock or Roger Kellaway (p); Wes Montgomery (g); George Duvivier (bs); Grady Tate or Sol Gubin (d); Candido Camero (conga); Oliver Nelson (arr, cond) - New York City - December 7, 8 or 22, 1965

Twisted blues : : *It was a very good year*

George Devens (vib); Wes Montgomery (g); Ron Carter (bs); Grady Tate (d); Ray Barretto (conga); Claus Ogerman (arr) - New York City - May 19, 1966

What the world needs now is love

Mel Davis, Bernie Glow, Jimmy Nottingham (tpt); Wayne Andre, John Messner, Bill Watrous (tbn); Jim Buffington (fr-hn); Don Butterfield (tu); Ray Beckenstein, Stan Webb, Walter Kane (reeds); Jack Jennings (vib); Wes Montgomery (solo g); Al Casamenti, Bucky Pizzarelli (g); Richard Davis (bs); Grady Tate (d); Ray Barretto (conga); Don Sebesky (arr, cond) - New York City - September 14, 15 or 16, 1966

California dreaming : : *Sun down*

Jimmy Smith (org); Wes Montgomery (g); Grady Tate (d); Ray Barretto (conga); - New York City - September 28, 1966

OGD

Verve (M VLP) SVLP 9221 (37/5d.)

I'VE never been a great fancier of Montgomery's music, though I can admire from a distance the techniques that went into it. As you can see from the mass of details above this collection covers a fair range of time and situation; it's a reasonable cross-section, I suppose, of Montgomery's later work. He was consistently mishandled by Verve, generally denied the open-ended, small-group blowing format in which he played best, but then Verve has a long tradition of mishandling its artists to live up to and there's no valid reason why they should have made an exception of Montgomery. There's

a lot of noisy, empty, big band blowing, a bit of pop-jazz tat, a few rather uneasy small-group titles, but nothing one could, by any stretch of the imagination, describe as rewarding musical thought. As a tribute to Montgomery it's a bad joke. Forget it.

JACK COOKE

BUDDY RICH/ALLA RAKHA

RICH A LA RAKHA:

Paul Horn (fl -1); Shamim Ahmed (sitar); probably Amiya Das Gupta (tamboura); Alla Rakha (tabla); Taranath Rao (dholak -2); Buddy Rich (d -3, dholak -4); Ravi Shankar (arr -5) - Los Angeles, 1968

Nagma e raksh : : *Khanda kafi* -1, 2, 3, 5 : : *Duet in dadra* -1. 4 : : *Rangeela* -1,2,3,5

probably Nodo C. Mullick (tamboura); Alla Rakha (tamboura, chanting); Ravi Shankar (clapping) - Shelly's Manne-Hole, Los Angeles - 1968

Tal sawari

Liberty (M LBL) LBS 83151 (38/7d.)

THE last time I had to guess (from inadequate sleeve information) who played the tamboura on which track, or whether the dholak was heard throughout, was on a Ravi Shankar album (May 1966 issue) including Alla Rakha on tabla. Here, the drummer has a showcase of his own for, even on the three tracks with Buddy Rich (which constitute Side One), it is Rakha who dominates. Thus, as propaganda for those still untouched by the mysteries of Indian music, this has the advantage over the John Mayer/Joe Harriott "Indo-Jazz Fusions" of vastly superior tabla-playing. However, if one looks for any sign of fusion here, it is clear that the choice of Buddy Rich was dictated by commercial and contractual considerations and could have been bettered (Max? Elvin? Louis Bellson, even?). To me Buddy Rich is like Oscar Peterson—strong in technique, strong on swing, but weak in taste and flexibility—and, of course, his big-band is a joke (have you noticed that *Machine* harks back to *Concerto to end all concertos*?), so it's pleasant surprise that his work is as successful as it is in this context. He makes a creditable attempt at playing Indian hand-drums on *Duet in dadra* and, if his use of sticks on *Rangeela* makes his figures sound heavy and too obvious, the brushwork on *Khanda kafi* provides an interesting contrast to Rakha without actually jelling.

However, this last (in bars of 5 against 10) raises the whole question of time-signatures in jazz. I was going on recently about "playing around with changes" rather than "playing on the changes" and, rhythmically, the aim of the jazz soloist (including members of the rhythm section when soloing) is not to play on the beats but to play around with groups of beats; for this, of course, it is necessary to have in mind a basic number of beats to play with (preferably just below the level of consciousness) and, while this is easy with bars of 2 or 3 beats, and therefore with the multiples 4,6,8,9 and 12, the largest prime number successfully used so far in jazz is 5. Unfortunately, Buddy Rich can't think in 5, except in a very conscious manner, and hearing his heavy accent on every fifth beat immediately calls to mind Roger Kellaway's trio accenting every eleventh beat and Don Ellis's mob accenting every seventeenth beat. The rigid disciplines of Indian music enable Alla Rakha to construct a marvellously exciting and varied solo in 11 on *Tal sawari* but, for jazz, playing in complex time-signatures is just as stultifying as playing on over-elaborate chord sequences—the ideal is "common time", which is no time at all. The evidence, such as it is, submitted by Buddy Rich in his game of Cowboys and Indians lasts 18½ minutes, while there is 17½ minutes of Alla Rakha uninterrupted. BRIAN PRIESTLEY

MAX ROACH

DEEDS NOT WORDS:

Booker Little (tpt); Ray Draper (tu); George Coleman (ten); Art Davis (bs); Max Roach (d) - New York City - September 4, 1958
You stepped out of a dream : : *Filide* : : *It's you or no one* : :

Jodie's cha-cha : : *Deeds not words* : : *Larry-larue* : : *Conversation* -1

-1 this track is an unaccompanied drum solo

Riverside 673 004 (37/6d.)

THE local catalogues aren't exactly bulging with Max Roach records these days, so this is a welcome release. There is much that is original, thoughtful and enjoyable here.

This particular Roach group didn't last long—their first record was the Newport Festival set of June '58, this one their second, and the two dates roughly span the band's lifetime—but it existed at a time when Roach was busy in several directions re-assessing his music, and it was the first he led to be organised round the three-horn two-rhythm format. Booker Little brought the edge and a lot of the success to this music; his highly articulate lines, floating through the structures of these pieces with such seeming ease, are remarkably close in spirit to Roach's vastly detailed yet always powerful drumming, and this musical cohesion between the two men is one of the finest things on the record. The use of Ray Draper's tuba as a third horn didn't work out too well in practise, and he was replaced by a trombonist in the next and most subsequent groups, but it was an imaginative enough stroke in itself: there are occasions here—*You stepped out of a dream* or *Filide*—when Davis and Draper throw their weight together as a definite low register force, leaving trumpet and tenor to function as a separate section and Roach to work as the percussive pivot of the group, and at these times Draper's presence makes sense through the implications of variety of sound and reorganisation of function he brings to the band.

The original writing is by Bill Lee, Draper and Little, who have contributed some very fine lines, aptly suited to the band's style, while the two standards are neatly arranged; there are few loose ends on this level, while from an historical point of view it's possible to see in the group's music the hard bop style beginning to evolve into something rather more personal to Roach.

The final track is a superb solo; a highly organised piece of music for drums that Roach first recorded in 1953 and still uses in a modified form today. It's a fitting finale to a very good album.

JACK COOKE

ARCHIE SHEPP

THE MAGIC OF JU-JU

Martin Banks (tpt, fl-h); Michael Zwerin (tpt, tbn); Archie Shepp (ten); Reggie Workman (bs); Beaver Harris, Norman Connor (d); Eddie Blackwell (rhythm logs); Frank Charles (talking drums); Dennis Charles (perc) - New York City - c. August 1965

The magic of Ju-Ju : : *You're what this day is all about* : : *Ahazam* : : *Sorry 'bout that*

Impulse (M MIPL) SIPL 512 (37/5d.)

THE idea of Shepp improvising at length over a miniature African drum choir probably appealed to him, but the title track offers the listener a daunting prospect. Orthodox form is absent but, more to the point, there is not the total interaction you get on, say, the Albert Ayler-Sunny Murray or Don Pullen-Milford Graves LPs. Shepp does his bit and the drummers do theirs—a simplification but that is basically the effect. In the process he shows his tremendous command of current saxophone practices, and the idea was well worth trying once, but this kind of playing needs more of a context, a frame from which it should stand out.

Shazam and *Sorry* are fairly orthodox Shepp performances which suffer only by comparison with the way his group played at the Scott club a year ago. The music was more colourful, better integrated, and Roswell Rudd and Grachan Monour contributed more than do the two hornmen here. Shepp again roars ahead in his best style but "Mama too tight" is the LP to buy first.

As for the personnel details, one of the orthodox drummers (Harris?) is probably absent from *Ju-Ju*. There are two percussionists on *Sorry*, just one on the rest. As for the date, a session with Shepp and African drums did take place around this time and I assume this is it.

RONALD ATKINS

JIMMY SMITH

OPEN HOUSE:

Blue Mitchell (tpt); Jackie McLean (alt); Ike Quebec (ten); Jimmy Smith (org); Quentin Warren (g); Donald Bailey (d) - Hackensack, N.J. - March 1960

Open house : : Old folks -1 : : Sista Rebecca : : Embraceable you -2

1- Mitchell and McLean out; 2- Mitchell and Quebec out

Blue Note BST84269 (47/5d.)

THE last time I reviewed Jimmy Smith ("In Person", February 1966 issue), I was rather appalled by what I had heard; however, his middle-period work strikes me as being more successful than either the slapdash soul of recent years or the bebop of his early days. His playing here is bluesy but not limited, and his two long solos on *Sista Rebecca* and the title-track (minor and major 12-bars respectively) build to storming climaxes without sounding mechanical—when there are repeated phrases, they are used as building bricks and not as stop-gaps (except towards the end of *Rebecca* where he goes too far past the climax). Also, he shows himself an intelligent accompanist and, on a couple of occasions, anticipates perfectly the thoughts of the front-line soloists, on whom the listener's interest centres in a blowing session such as this: Blue Mitchell is never very absorbing anyway, but this is the earliest Ike Quebec after his comeback to have been issued and, so far as I know, the only recording ever of Jackie McLean with an organist. Both of them play splendidly, and anyone interested in either artist should find it worth investigating this record which, while hardly important historically, is superior to the earlier Jimmy Smith sextet records ("House Party" and "The Sermon"). It plays 37 minutes and has given me hours of pleasure.

BRIAN PRIESTLEY

ART TATUM

PIANO STARTS HERE:

Art Tatum (p) - New York City - March 21, 1933

13162 *Tea for two*

13163 *St. Louis blues*

13164 *Tiger rag*

13165 *Sophisticated lady*

Shrine Auditorium, Los Angeles - May, 1949

How high the moon? : : Humoresque : : Tatum pole boogie : :

Someone to watch over me : : Yesterdays : : I know that you know : : Willow weep for me : : The man I love : : Kerry dance

CBS Realm Jazz 52601 (25/11d)

THE sleeve errs by describing the 1933 items as "the first recordings he ever made" (their

(italics), because the year before Tatum had accompanied Adelaide Hall on Brunswick. And, having begun in pedantic mood, it might be added that, after listening to this, as to most of his pianistic tornados, one inclines to suggesting the title should be *Piano Ends Here*. We may be cynical about Tatum's only once winning a readers' popularity poll (*Metronome*, 1945), but faced with such music, it is appalling to remember he was never offered a single overseas concert tour. Another thought this reissue inspires is how prodigiously creative young Bud Powell was, when faced with so perfect a deployment of the piano's resources, to be able to produce a viable alternative.

Usefully combined here are Tatum's first solo recording date, once available on Columbia SEG7540, and titles from a Gene Norman *Just Jazz* concert previously out as Vogue LDE081. The sound appears strikingly cleaned-up on the earlier titles, letting us hear the 23-years-old prodigy as never before, yet not on those made sixteen years later. These 1933 items form one of the most remarkable solo debuts a jazz musician has ever recorded, but Tatum's roots in the stride school are plain, above all in his practice of retaining the melodies as the basis for decoration instead of improvising new lines on their chords. One of his great achievements was, over a period of years, to transform this filigree—applied to the music from outside, as it were—into organic detail essential to the overall structure. Some of his earliest performances—*Sophisticated lady*, for instance—are blemished with rather mech-

anical, self-consciously 'modernistic' chains of harmonic substitutions quite like those Ellington had, interestingly enough, been prone to drop into his pieces a few years earlier—e.g. the *Tishomingo blues* introduction (1928). Perhaps both were influenced by then-fashionable pianists like Rube Bloom and Zez Confrey, whose surviving sheet music is full of such devices, which, though used unintelligently therein, were intriguingly fresh to jazzmen. Tatum digested this facile chromaticism along with unnumerable other resources and, as the Los Angeles titles here prove, evolved a strongly personal harmonic idiom all his own. Intimately related to this process was the gradual polishing of his virtuosity, easily demonstrated by setting the above *Tiger rag* beside his 1940 version (Ace of Hearts AH133).

At the most basic level Tatum remained true to stride principles in that his approach was compositional rather than one of open-ended improvising. Consequently his finest records were made in the studio, not on public occasions, and these Shrine items tell us nothing new about him. *Kerry dance*, *Tatum pole boogie* and *Man I love* are even inconsequential, although the former two have a full complement of musical wit. By contrast it is arresting to hear that *How high the moon* chord sequence, which bop made so familiar, laid out in stride textures yet treated with an even more subtle harmonic awareness than the official modernists of that time could boast. Again, *Yesterdays* hews extremely close to the later, definitive Clef version, showing how little this compulsive practiser might change a framework once it satisfied him and no matter how tirelessly he continued refining its details.

MAX HARRISON

NANCY WILSON/CANNONBALL ADDERLEY

THE SWINGIN'S MUTUAL:

Nancy Wilson (vcl) acc Nat Adderley (cnt); Cannonball Adderley (alt); Joe Zawinul (p); Sam Jones (bs); Louis Hayes (d) - New York City - September 1, 1962

23769 *Save your love for me*

23770 *Happy talk*

23771 *The old country*

23772 *The masquerade is over -1*

23773 *Never will I marry*

23774 *A sleepin' bee*

Wilson out - same date

23776 *One man's dream*

23777 *Unit 7*

23778 *Never say yes*

23779 *I can't get started -2*

23780 *Teaneck*

1- cnt and alt out; 2- cnt out

World Record Club (M T) ST 756 (32/3d.)

THE last time someone wrote a set of reviews all with the same opening phrase, Max

Harrison got through a whole issue (January 1968) without straining, but I seem to have run out of inspiration; I've never had any desire to write before about Nancy Wilson, whereas I seem to be reviewing Cannonball Adderley reissues all the time. Although I would rather be reviewing his current work, this album confirms my standard verdict that he is an inventive and exciting soloist in the modern/mainstream idiom, far superior to anyone else in his own groups and far superior to anyone else associated with "soul jazz" (including Horace Silver)—listen to his feature on *I can't get started*. Listen also to the cohesive rhythm-section of this period, but ignore if possible the triteness of the originals. Much as I enjoy the sound of a rhythmically aware vocalist over a charging jazz rhythm-section, I find it rather difficult to get worked up either way about Nancy Wilson; she is less vulgar than Dakota Staton, for instance, and less bland than Ella, but also less genuine than Dinah Washington, which doesn't leave much beyond a sort of Identikit "jazz singer". However, given that the record may be an instrument for converting the heathen (and the purely instrumental tracks last 24½ minutes as opposed to 17 minutes with vocals), then it doesn't really matter that my personal reaction is "Cannon - si, Nancy - no!"

BRIAN PRIESTLEY

REISSUE LISTING / SWAGGIE, Part 2

JCS-33761
SWING THAT MUSIC, VOL 1
This series devoted to a chronological study of the Louis Armstrong Orchestra 1935-41): I'm in the mood for love; You are my lucky star (G master); La cucaracha; Got a bran' new suit (G master); I've got my fingers crossed; Old Man Mose

JCS-33762
SWING THAT MUSIC, VOL 2:
I'm shooting high; Falling in love with you; Red sails in the sunset; On Treasure Island; Thanks a million; Shoe shine boy

JCS-33763
THE CHICAGOANS IN NEW YORK, VOL 2: Strut Miss Lizzie; Loved one (B master); Deep Harlem (IRVING MILLS); Avalon; Nobody's sweetheart; Rose of Washington Square (RED NICHOLS 5 PENNIES)

JCS-33764
FATS WALLER WITH THE RHYTHMAKERS: Yellow dog blues (takes 2 and 3); I would do anything for you; Yes suh!; Mean old bed bug blues (takes 1 and 2)

JCS-33765
JOHNNY DODDS COLLECTORS ITEMS: Little bits; Struggling (JIMMY BERTRAND'S WASHBOARD WIZARDS); Who's gonna do your lovin'; Nobody else will do (EDMONIA HENDERSON); My baby; Oriental man (JIMMY BLYTHE'S WASHBOARD WIZARDS)

JCS-33766
BESSIE SMITH, VOL 4:
Aggravatin' Papa; Baby, won't you please come home; 'Tain't nobody's business if I do; Beale Street Mama; Oh Daddy blues; Keeps on rainin'

JCS-33767
BESSIE SMITH, VOL 5: Squeeze me; Outside of that; Wasted life blues; I used to be your sweet Mama; Hustlin' Dan; It makes my love come down

JCS-33768
FRANK JOHNSON'S FABULOUS DIXIELANDERS: Mississippi mud; Southward bound; Ace in the hole; Royal Terminus rag; Original slow drag; I've got what it takes

JCS-33769
FRANK JOHNSON'S FABULOUS DIXIELANDERS, VOL 3: That's a plenty; Dallas blues; Ballin' the jack; Teapot dome blues; O Gee say Gee; Terrible blues

JCS-33770
FRANK JOHNSON'S FABULOUS DIXIELANDERS VOL 4: Oh! by jingo; Forty and tight; Rain; Hilarity march; Daily Jazz; Swing it out there

JCS-33771
SOUTHERN JAZZ GROUP: Emu Strut; Clever feller; Unreasonable woman's blues; Stomp Miss Hannah; Clarinet spice; I hear a jazz band

JCS-33772
FRANK TESCHMACHER: Barrelhouse stomp; Wailin' blues (CELLAR BOYS); Trying to stop my crying (JOE MANNONE'S CLUB ROYAL ORCH); I found a new baby; There'll be some changes made; Baby, won't you please come home (CHICAGO RHYTHM KINGS)

JCS-33773
NEW ORLEANS RHYTHM KINGS, 1934: Tin Roof blues; Ostrich walk; Original Dixieland one step; Bluin' the blues; Sensation rag; Panama

JCS-33774
SWING THAT MUSIC, VOL 3: Solitude; I hope Gabriel likes my music; Music goes round and round; Rhythm saved the world (B master); Putting all my eggs in one basket; Yes Yes my my

JCS-33775
NEW ORLEANS PIONEERS, VOL 1: Tishomingo blues; You always hurt the one you love; Alexander's ragtime band; Maryland my Maryland (BUNK JOHNSON); Keystone blues; New Orleans hop scop blues (Jimmie NOONE)

JCS-33776
EDDIE CONDON AIR SHOTS (1944): Struttin' with some barbecue; Royal Garden blues; Clarinet chase; Wolverine blues; Fidgety feet; Clarinet marmalade

JCS-33777
THOMAS MORRIS AND HIS SEVEN HOT BABIES: Georgia grind; Ham gravy; P D Q blues; Charleston stampede; Jackass blues; Blues of the everglades

JCS-33778
TINY PARHAM AND HIS MUSICIANS: Jungle crawl; Stuttering blues (take 1); Jogo rhythm (take 1); Washboard wiggles; Fat man blues; Dixieland doin's

JCS-33779
JUNKSHOP SPECIAL: Georgia grind; Deadman blues (EDMONIA HENDERSON); Snag it (E2635) (KING OLIVER); Oh Lizzie (E22706) (JOHNNY DODDS); Wild man blues (E22726) (JOHNNY DODDS B.B. STOMPERS); Oriental Jazz (O.D.J.B.)

JCS-33780
BARBACUE JOE AND HIS HOT DOGS: Tar paper stomp; Shake that thing; Tin roof blues; Up the country blues; Weary blues; Big butter and egg man

JCS-33781
JIMMY BLYTHE'S SOUTH SIDE JAZZ, VOL 1: Endurance stomp; Tuxedo stomp; Pleasure mad; Brown skin Mama; My baby; Tack it down

JCS-33782
SLEEPY JOHN ESTES, VOL 1: Stop that thing; Down South blues; Drop down Mama; Someday baby blues; Married woman blues; Who's been telling you Buddy Brown Eyes

JCS-33783
SWING THAT MUSIC, VOL 4: I come from a musical family; If we never meet again; Somebody stole my break; Swing that music; Lyin' to myself; Ev'ntide

JCS-33784
SWING THAT MUSIC, VOL 5: Thankful; Red nose; Mahogany Hall stomp; Skeleton in the closet; When Ruban swings the Cuban; Hurdy gurdy man

JCS-33785
NEW ORLEANS PIONEERS, VOL 2: VOL 2: Muskrat ramble; Girls go crazy; Blanche Tourquatoux; High Society (KID ORY); Gravier Street blues: Red Onion blues (JOHNNY DODDS)

JCS-33786
JIMMIE NOONE AND HIS APEX CLUB ORCHESTRA, VOL 3: Ready for the river; Let's sow a wild oat; San (C5903A); Forevermore; Some rain day; She's funny that way

JCS-33787
JIMMIE NOONE AND HIS APEX CLUB ORCHESTRA, VOL 4: St. Louis blues (C3005); Chicago rhythm; I got a misery; Wake up! Chillun', wake up!; Love me or leave me; Birmingham Bertha

JCS-33788
JIMMIE NOONE AND HIS APEX CLUB ORCHESTRA, VOL 5: El Rado scuffle; After you've gone; My melancholy baby; Deep trouble; Trav'lin alone; He's not worth your tears

JCS-33789
JELLY ROLL MORTON AND HIS RED HOT PEPPERS, VOL 1: Billy Goat stomp (takes 1 and 3); Hyena stomp (takes 2 and 3); Wild man blues; Someday sweetheart

JCS-33790
JELLY ROLL MORTON AND RED HOT PEPPERS, VOL.2 Boggaboo; Shreveport stomp; Red hot pepper; Mournful serenade; Deep creek blues; Wolverine blues (take 1)

JCS-33791
JELLY ROLL MORTON AND RED HOT PEPPERS, VOL.3 Little Lawrence; Harmony blues; Fussy Mabel; Ponchatrain blues; Burnin' the iceberg; Pretty Lil

JCS-33793
LOUIS ARMSTRONG - SPIRITUALS AND SERMONS: Shadrack; Going to shout all over

God's heaven; Elder Eatmore's sermon on throwing stones; Nobody knows the trouble I've seen; Jonah and the whale; Elder Eatmore's sermon on generosity

JCS-33794
SWING THAT MUSIC, VOL 6: Dippermouth blues; Swing that music; On a coconut island; Public melody No. 1; Red cap; Yours and mine

JCS-33795
CHICAGO JAZZ - 1926: 29th and Dearborn; Sweet Mumtaz (LUIS RUSSELL HOT SIX); Panama Limited blues; Tia Juana man (ADA BROWN); All night shags; Put me in the alley blues (CHICAGO HOTTENTOTS)

JCS-33796
PIANO JAZZ - KANSAS CITY: Fare thee honey, fare thee well; Red wagon; Oh Red; Dupree blues (COUNT BASIE); Kaycee on my mind; Blues on the downbeat (PETE JOHNSON)

JCS-33797
COUNT BASIE PIANO SOLOS: Boogie woogie; How long, how long blues; The dirty dozens; Hey Lawdy Mama; The fives; When the sun goes down

JCS-33798
SLEEPY JOHN ESTES, VOL 2: Government money; I want to tear it all the time; Vernita blues; I ain't gonna be worried no more; Floating bridge; Need more blues

JCS-33799
SLEEPY JOHN ESTES, VOL 3: Jack and Jill blues; Poor man's friend; Hobo jungle blues; Airplane blues; Everybody ought to make a change; Liquor store blues

JCS-337100
ORIGINAL DIXIELAND JAZZ BAND -1917: At the jazz band ball; Barnyard blues; Ostrich walk; Tiger rag; Look at 'em doin' it; Reisenweber rag

JCS-101
LOUIS ARMSTRONG - SWING THAT MUSIC, VOL 7: Alexander's ragtime band; She's the daughter of a planter from Havana; Cuban Pete; Cherry; Sun showers; I've got a heart full of rhythm

JCS-102
LOUIS ARMSTRONG - SWING THAT MUSIC, VOL 8: Once in a while; On the sunny side of the street; Satchel mouth swing; Jubilee; Trumpet player's lament; Struttin' with some barbecue

JCS-103
LOUIS ARMSTRONG - SWING THAT MUSIC, VOL 9: I double dare you; True confession; Let that be a lesson to you; So little time; Mexican swing

JCS-104
LOUIS ARMSTRONG - SWING THAT MUSIC, VOL 10: As long as you live; When the saints go marching in; On the sentimental side; Something tells me; It's wonderful; Love walked in

JCS-105
LOUIS ARMSTRONG - SWING THAT MUSIC, VOL 11: Naturally; I've got a pocket full of dreams; Boog-it; I can't give you anything but love; Ain't misbehavin'; Jeepers creepers

JCS-106
LOUIS ARMSTRONG - SWING THAT MUSIC, VOL 12: What is this thing called swing; Ay ay ay; Rockin' chair; Lazybones; Hear me talkin' to ya; Save it pretty Mama

JCS -107
LOUIS ARMSTRONG - SWING THAT MUSIC, VOL 13: West End blues; Savoy blues; Confessin'; Our Monday date; Me and my

READER'S LETTER

New Thing Notes

The fact that Max Harrison deems it necessary to take nearly five columns of the January issue of JM to defend his position (utilising the maxim that attack is the best form of defence — note for Harrison: this is a Napoleonic reference, not a Marxist one) is proof enough of the uncertainty he has in his own simple-minded theories.

Remarks such as "Burke-by-name, berk by nature" should surely be confined to the prep school quadrangle where they belong, rather than in the pages of an otherwise serious and valuable journal.

If Harrison would care to phrase his arguments and accusations in an adult manner then I will dignify them by giving a serious reply, point by point. But the mass of self-contradictions, politically naive observations, and the personal insults to me, printed in his "New Thing Notes", is really not worthy of being taken as serious constructive criticism.

PATRICK BURKE, London

brother Bill; It it's good then I want it

JCS-108 (Not yet issued)

JCS-109 (Not yet issued)

JCS-110
KING OLIVER AND HIS DIXIE SYNCOPATORS, VOL 4: Doctor Jazz; Tin roof blues; I'm watching the clock; West End blues; Sweet Emmaline; Lazy Mama

JCS-111
DUKE ELLINGTON AND HIS KENTUCKY CLUB ORCHESTRA: Immigration blues; The creeper (E4323); Birmingham breakdown; (E4114); East St. Louis toodle-oo (E4110); New Orleans low down; Song of the cotton field

JCS-112
SLEEPY JOHN ESTES, VOL 4: Easin' back to Tennessee; Fire department blues; Clean up at home. New someday baby; Brownsville blues; Special agent blues

JCS-113
SLEEPY JOHN ESTES, VOL 5: Mallman blues; Time is drawing near; Mary come on home; Jailhouse blues; Tell me all about it; I don't feel welcome here

JCS-114
THE CHICAGOANS IN CHICAGO: Copenhagen; Prince of walls (ELMER SCHOEBEL); Milenberg Joys; My daddy rocks me (HUSK O'HARE'S WOLVERINES); Jazz me blues (FRANK TESCHE-

MACHER'S CHICAGOANS); My gal Sal (DANNY ALTIER ORCHESTRA)

JCS-115
JABBO SMITH AND HIS RHYTHM ACES: Tanguay blues; Band box stomp; Jazz battle; Moanful blues; I got the stinger; Boston skuffle

JCS-116
JELLY ROLL MORTON, BALTIMORE 1938: The pearls; After you've gone; Trees; Organ interlude; Honeysuckle rose; Melancholy baby

JCS-117
PIANO JAZZ - BOOGIE WOOGIE STYLE: Honky tonk train blues; Yancey special; I'm in the mood for love; Mr. Freddie blues; Celeste blues (MEADE LUX-LEWIS); Boogie woogie (HONEY HILL)

JCS-118
BOOGIE WOOGIE STOMP: Boogie Woogie stomp; Nagasaki; Mile or mo bird rag; Early morning blues (ALBERT AMMONS RHYTHM KINGS); Pinetop's boogie woogie (CLEO BROWN); Texas stomp (DOT RICE)

JCS-119
HARRY DIAL'S BLUSICIANS: Don't give it away; Funny fumble; It must be love; I like what I like like I like it; Poison; When my baby starts to shake that thing

JCS-120
FATS WALLER PLAYS THE LONDON SUITE: Piccadilly Circus; Chelsea; Soho; Bond Street; Limehouse; Whitechapel

JCS-121
FATS WALLER IN LONDON 1938 - 39: That old feeling; I can't give you anything but love (with Adelaide Hall); Ain't misbehavin'; The flat foot floogie; Smoke dreams of you; You can't have your cake and eat it

JCS-122
FATS WALLER ORGAN SOLOS: Lonesome road; Deep river; Go down Moses; Water boy; Swing low, sweet chariot; All God's chillun got wings

JCS-123
FATS WALLER AND HIS RHYTHM: A tisket a tasket; Ain't misbehavin'; Don't try your jive on me; The flat foot floogie; Pent up in the penthouse; Music, maestro please

JCS-124
BIX BEIDERBECKE AND HIS GANG: At the jazz band ball; Royal Garden blues; Jazz me blues; Goose pimples; Since my best girl turned me down

JCS-125
ALEX HILL AND HIS ORCHESTRA: Toogaloo shout; St; James Infirmary; Southbound; Dyl'n' with the blues; Southbound (C5035); Stompin' 'em down

JCS-126
EDDIE CONDON - 1927 - 28: Liza; Sugar; China boy; Nobody's sweetheart; Indiana; Oh baby

JCS-127
BIX BEIDERBECKE AND HIS GANG, VOL 2: Somebody stole my gal; Thou swell; In a mist (piano solo); Rhythm king; Louisiana; Oh baby

JCS-128 (Not yet issued)

JCS-129
CHICAGO JAZZ - 1928: Shimme-sha-wobble; Windy City stomp (MIFF MOLE'S LITTLE MOLERS); I'm sorry I made you cry; Makin' friends (EDDIE CONDON AND HIS FOOTWARMERS); Crazeology; Can't help loving that man (BUD FREEMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA)

(This concludes the listing of the Swaggie 7" 33rpm series. Next month we shall give details of the S1200 series of 12" LPs. Readers are referred to the October issue for introductory notes on the Swaggie label.)

BRITISH INSTITUTE OF JAZZ STUDIES

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE of Jazz Studies is, as the letterheads proclaim, a registered non-profit making society. Registered as a charity, it is non-profit making to a painful degree. However we study on regardless, for our keystone of policy is not the lining of our pockets, but the promulgation of jazz art. That may sound a little pompous, but it does denote that we are concerned with all areas of jazz; not only the music (though this, of course, is first priority) but also literature, discographies, photographs, and film. All very nice, but why bother?

At a committee meeting in May last year the Chairman of the organisation pointed out that 1968 saw the first jazz centenaries; those of the births of Scott Joplin and Buddy Bolden. Of these early days little but legend is known, and Bolden himself is an example of how this can distort. Who knows what he actually sounded like? Time has probably wrought changes in the recollections of those who did hear him. We are therefore left with only speculation as to the real scene at the start of the century, and we have only academic reasons for the circumstances leading to the birth of jazz. No one has really documented the spirit that was abroad immediately before and during the conception and gestation of jazz. In contrast today everyone wants to know what the musicians motives are, but in 2068 will jazz enthusiasts still have access to written and recorded documents on jazz of today? or yesterday? Between them the Library of Congress, the British Museum and the BBC possess all jazz books and records, but they are not readily available to the public. This is where the BIJS comes in. We are setting up a library - already well under way - containing books, magazines, programmes, cuttings, records and tapes. It is freely available to members now and will be available to everybody one day. How much of this sort of material from 1938 or even '48 is still around in legible condition today? When people ask this question of 1969 in, say, 25 years time we want them to be able to point to the collection of the BIJS and see an archive of great value—and I don't mean monetary value. It may sound like castles -in-Spain, but great IJS's from tiny Stearnses grow. The BIJS was formed in 1964 by a handful of enthusiasts in response to letters in various magazines, which wanted to know why there couldn't be a British version of the influential American

Institute of Jazz Studies. A year later the first all-purpose committee was set up, who decided that any profits would be ploughed back into the Institute. A new committee is elected each year from members attending the Annual General Meeting. Although the committee is based in the area around London, members are spread out all over Britain, with a few in America and Belgium, and contacts in Czechoslovakia, Germany and Austria. Members pay 1 guinea per year, except for students and those under 18, who are charged only 7/6. For this fee, members get a quarterly magazine, a monthly newsletter (which will advertise, free, any jazz event anywhere), free access to the library and information service. This latter facility has already assisted in several books and discographies. We also keep a register of jazz societies, organisations, clubs and shops in all parts of Britain.

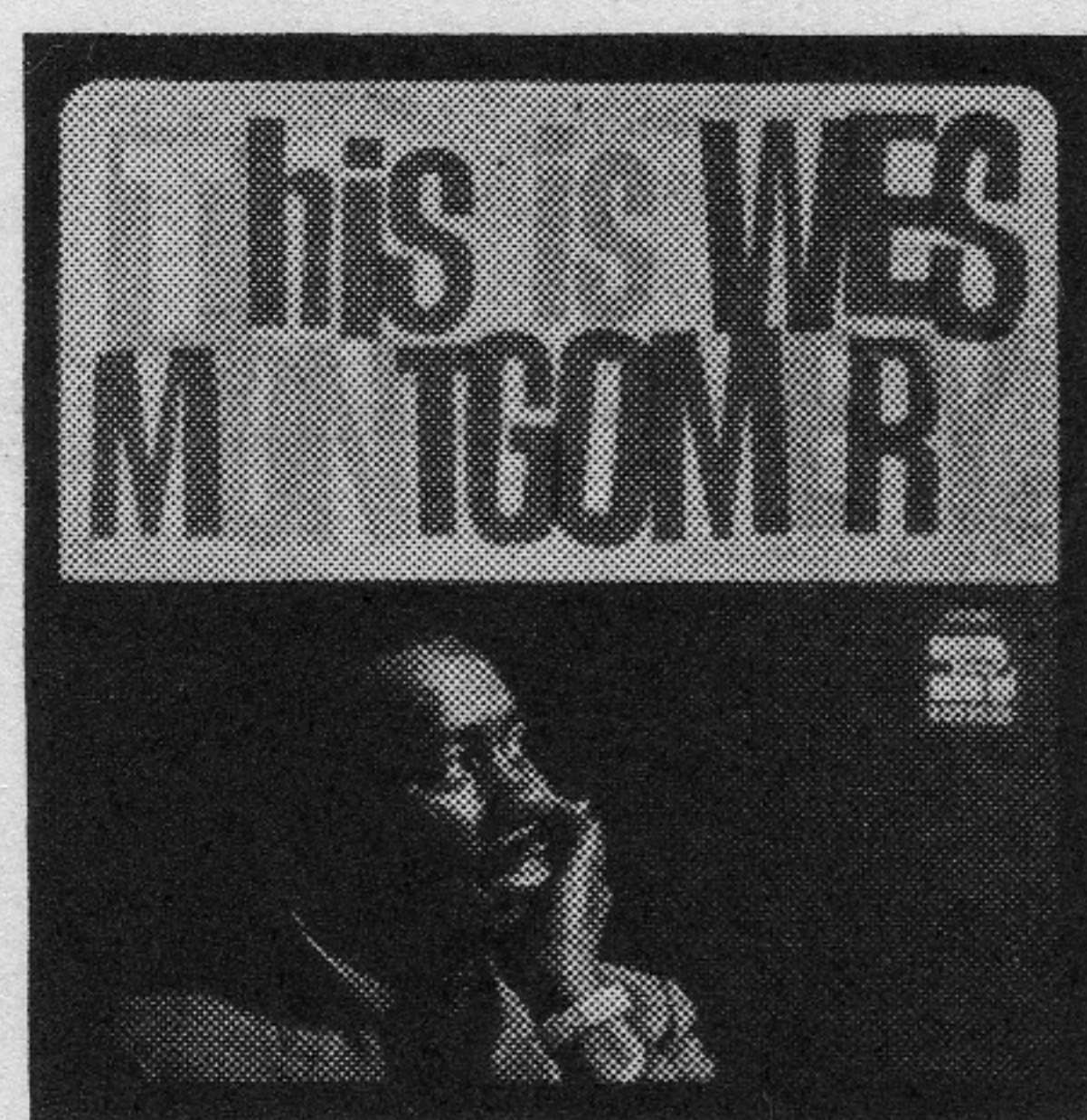
Many of our aims are not practicable at the moment, due to lack of funds and, even more regrettable, lack of support. These aims include week-end seminars, talks, discussions and suchlike with guest musicians. Our current main project is a bibliography of discographies; this is well under way now, and may even be available by the time this article appears in print. Covering all discographies which have appeared in books, booklets and magazines since 1960, we feel this will be an important service to all who are more than superficially interested in jazz. In a field which requires so much sheer hard work, so much time, it is criminal that two or more discographers should be working on the same musician, maybe without knowing they are duplicating the work of others, when they could be collaborating, or working on different projects. This bibliography will be updated each year, and should provide a valuable co-ordination centre for discographers and similar dedicated souls.

If you agree with our objectives write for a membership form, or send your subscription to the Secretary. If you have any questions write to him about that too. If you don't agree with what we're doing—well, we welcome constructive criticism and suggestions. The Secretary can be contacted by sticking a fourpenny stamp (we're not proud) on an envelope addressed to 7, Deacon Road, Willesden Green, London N.W.2 BARRY A. WITHERDEN

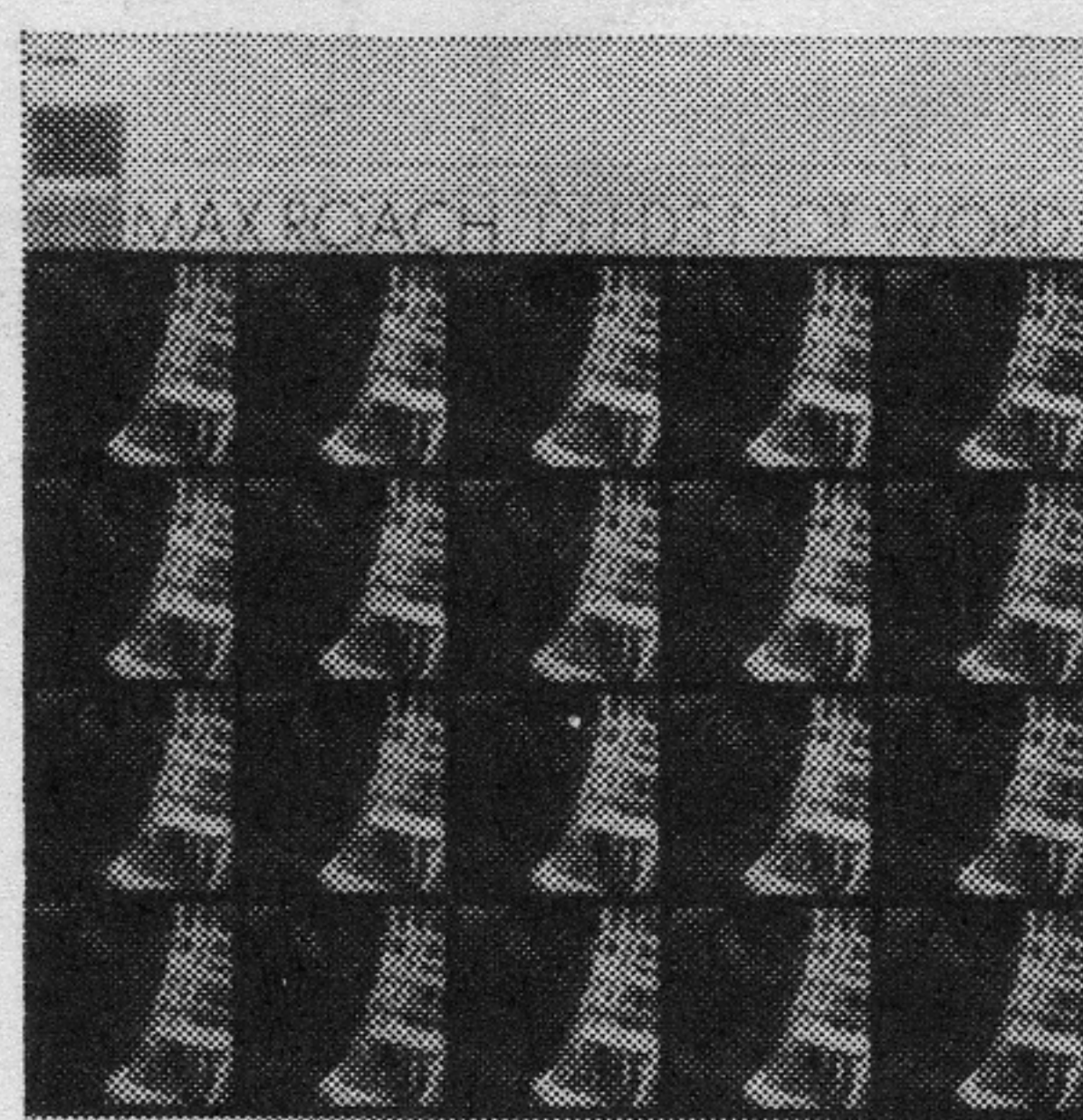
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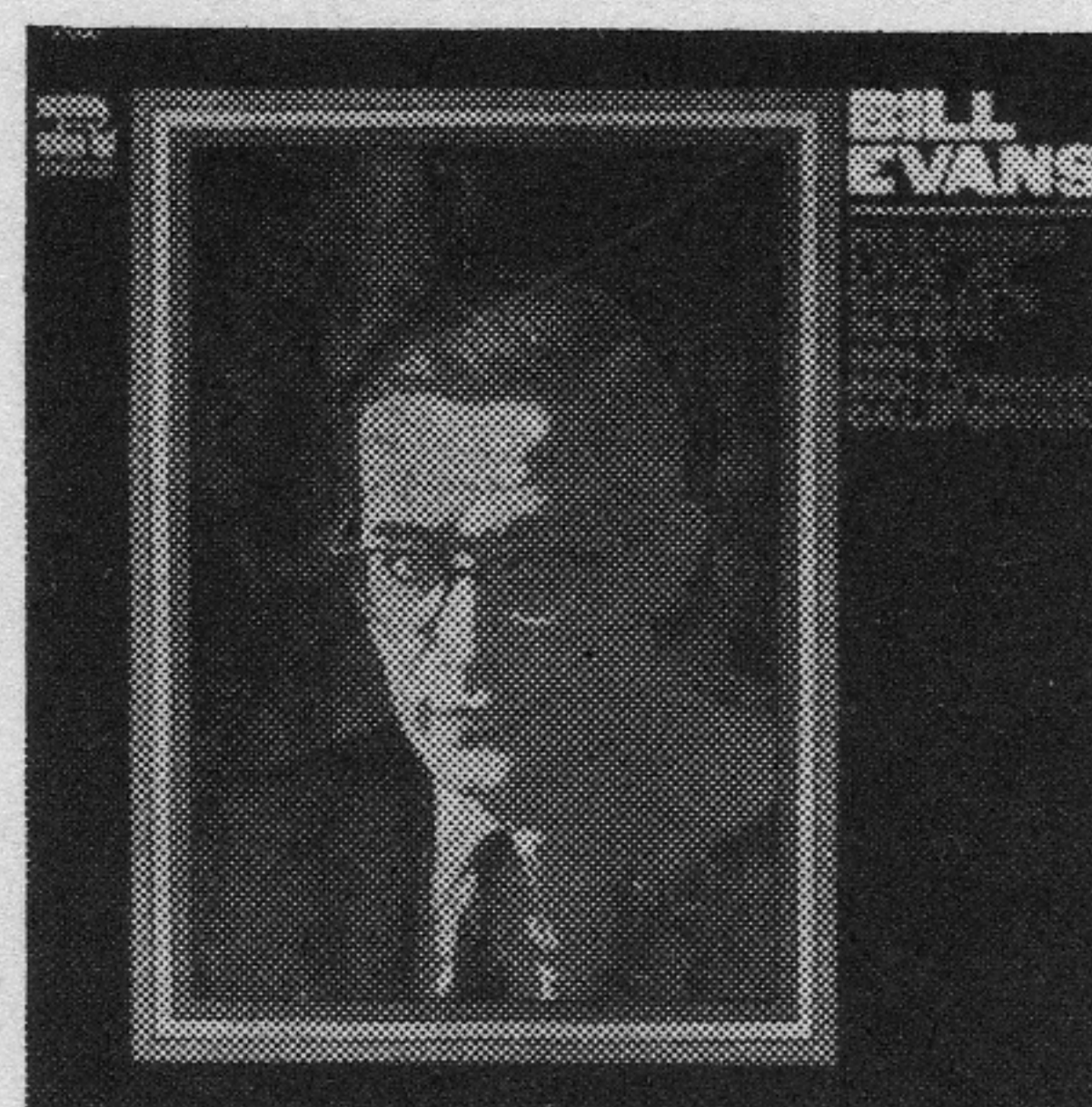
This Is Wes Montgomery/
673 001



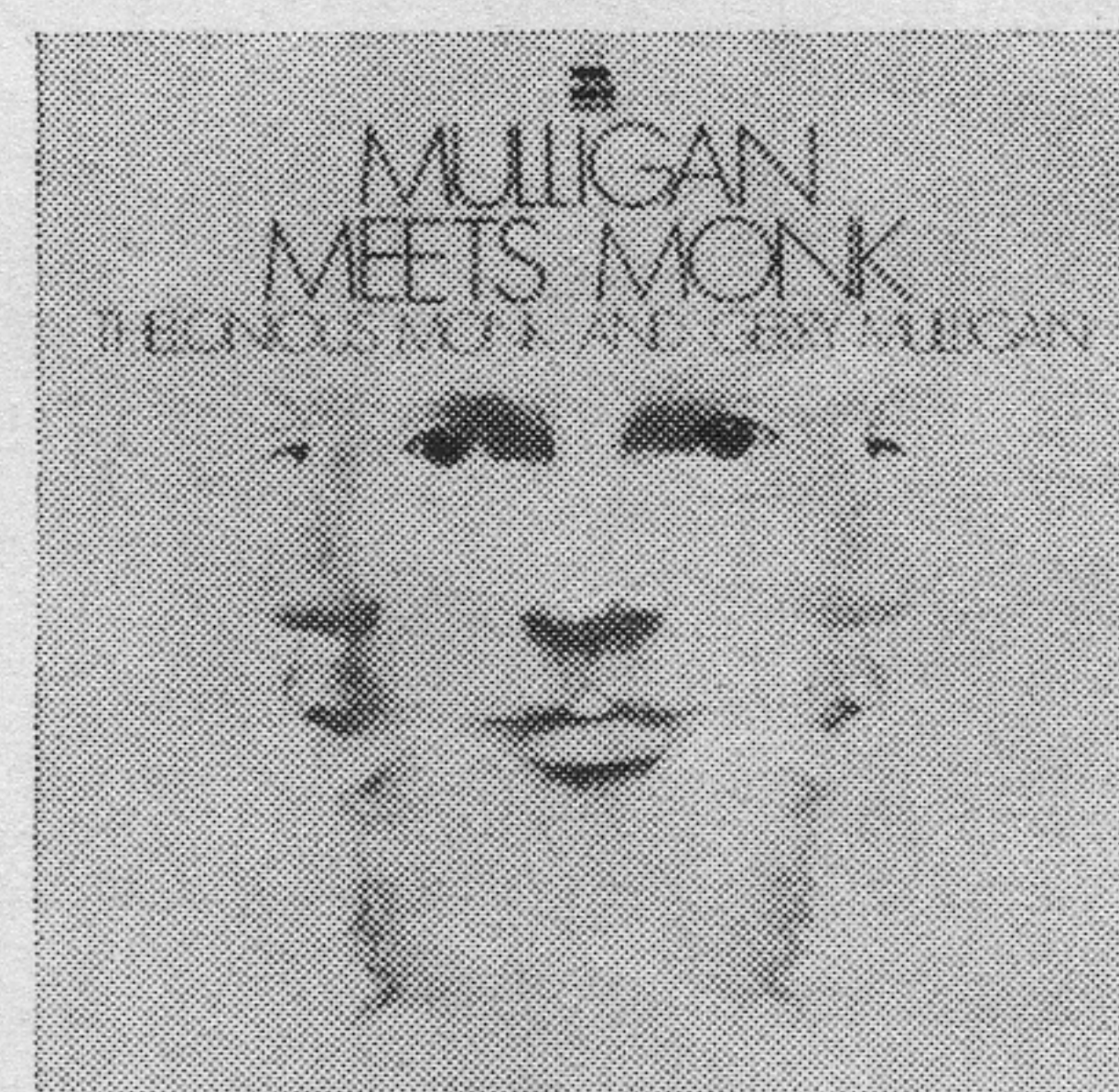
Max Roach/Deeds Not Words/
with Booker Little/673 004



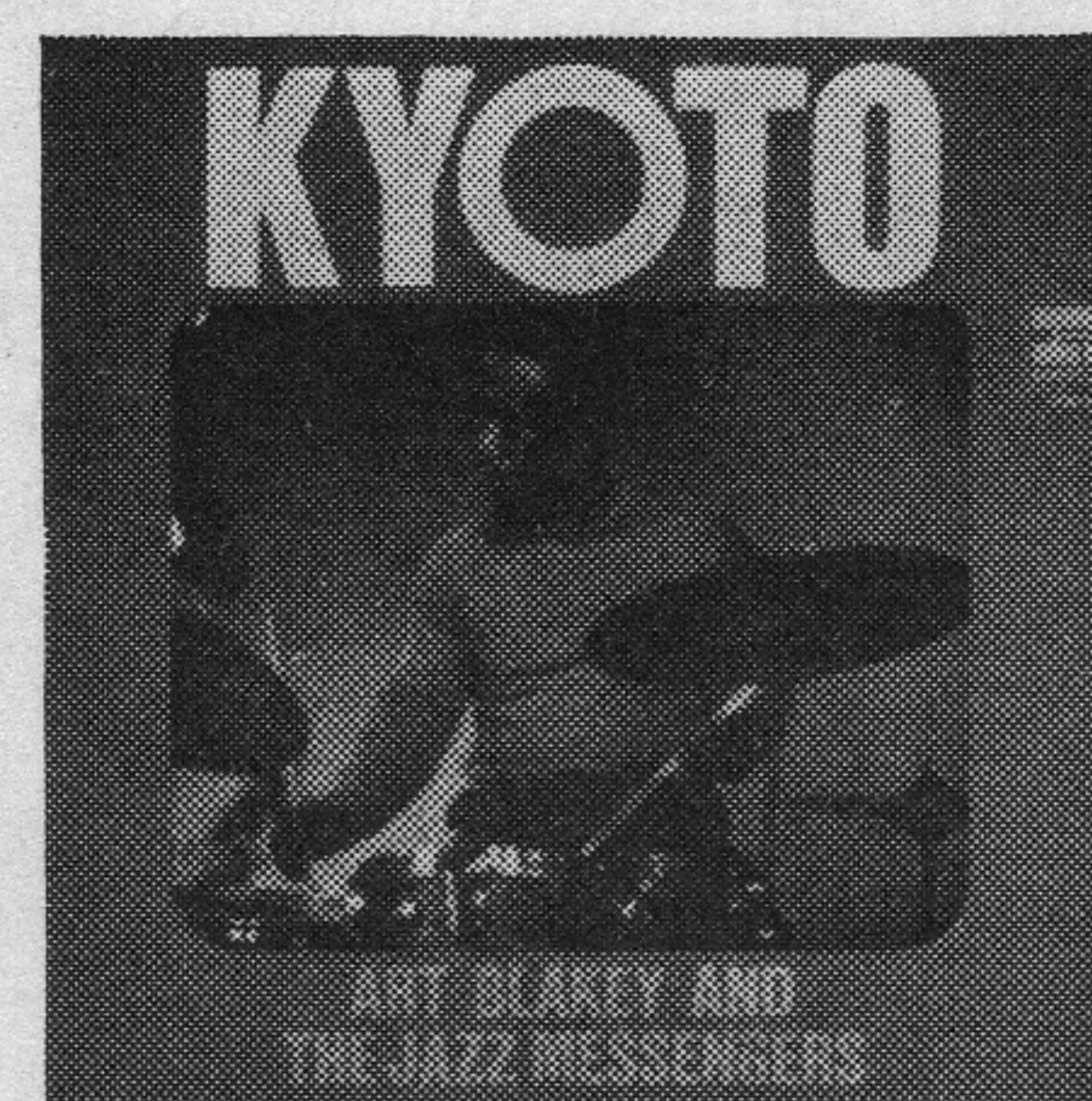
Mongo Santamaria/
Explosion/673 002



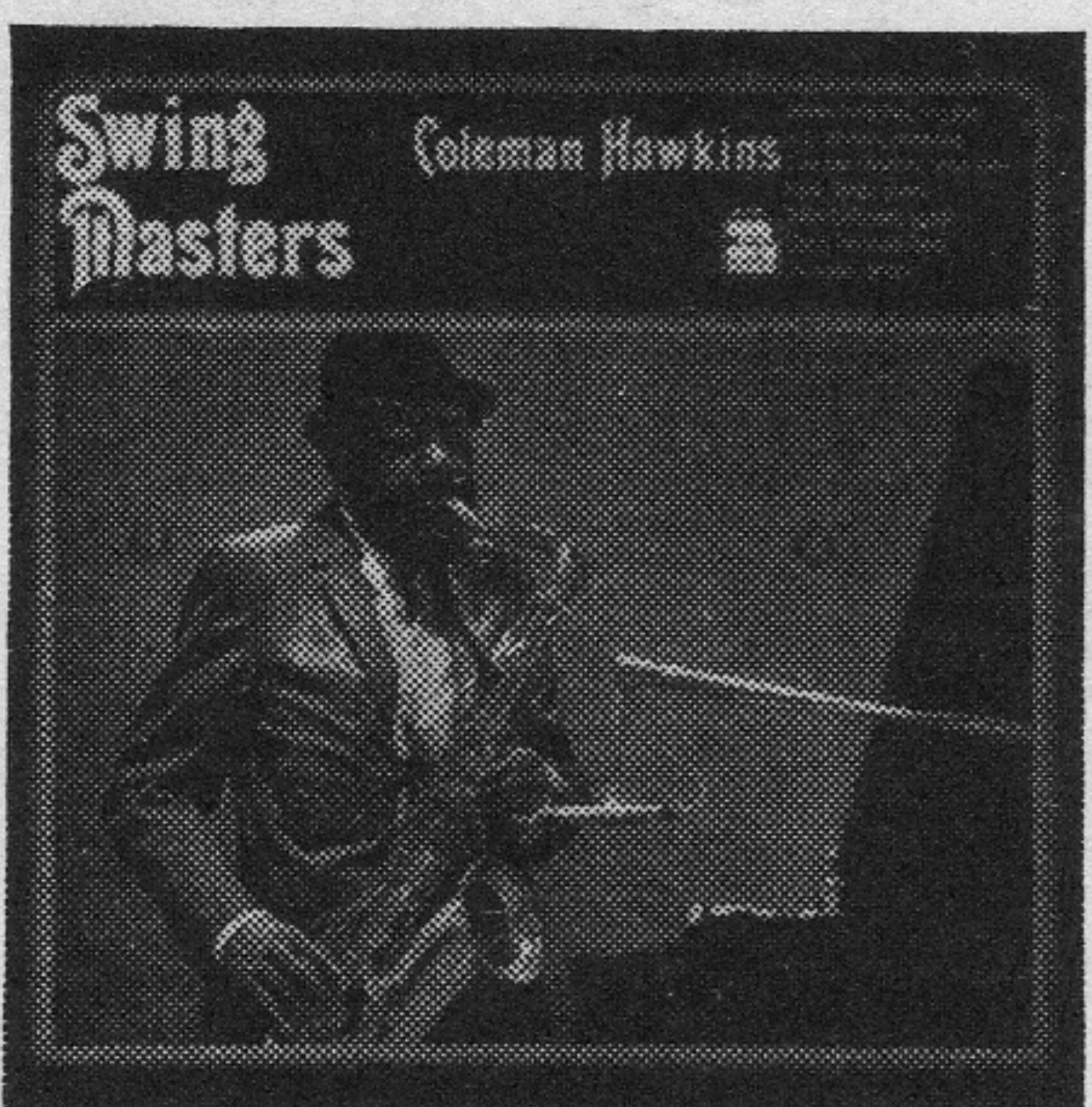
Bill Evans/Live at Shelley's
Manne Hole/673 003



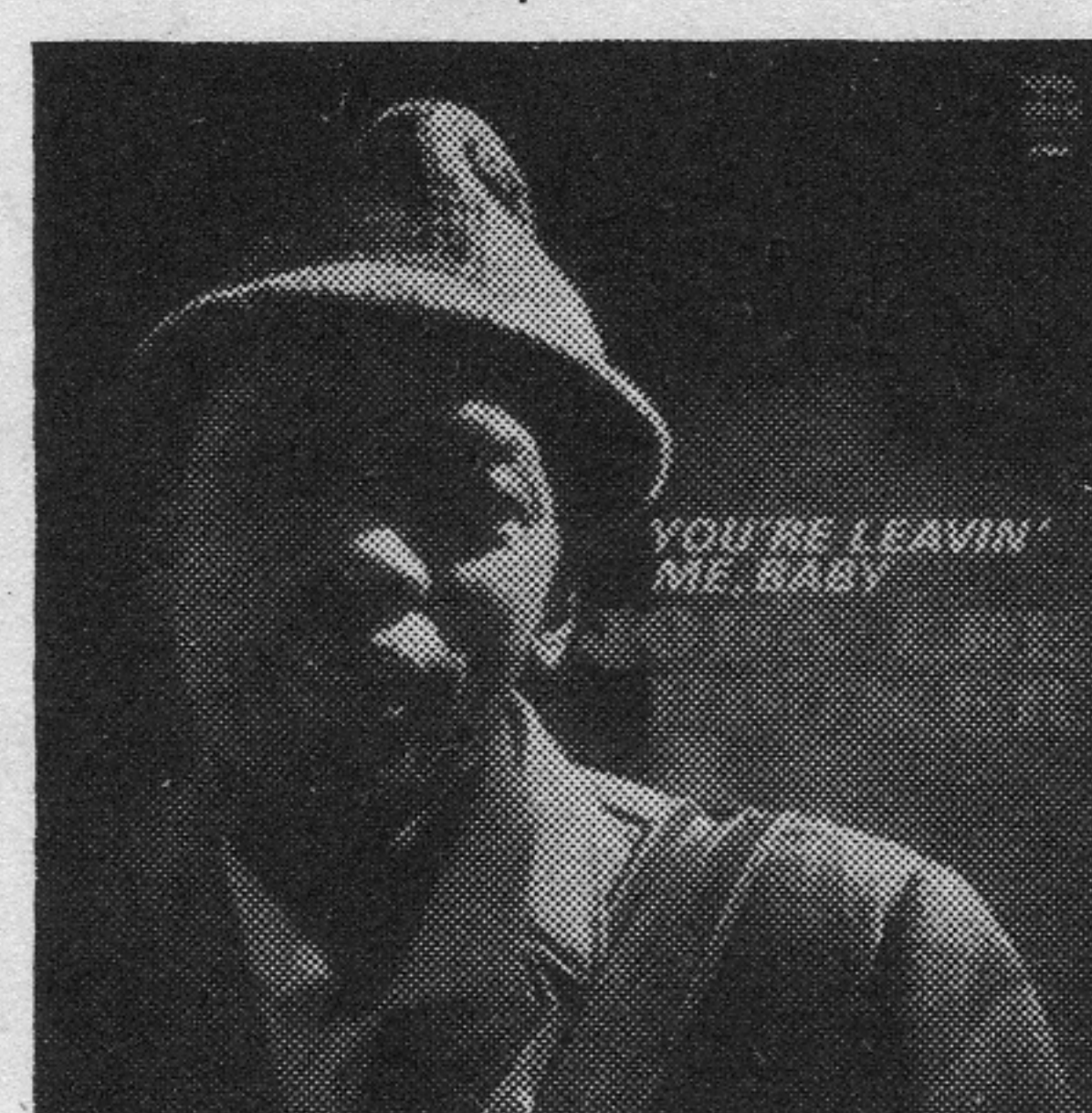
Thelonious Monk & Gerry
Mulligan/Mulligan Meets
Monk/673 012



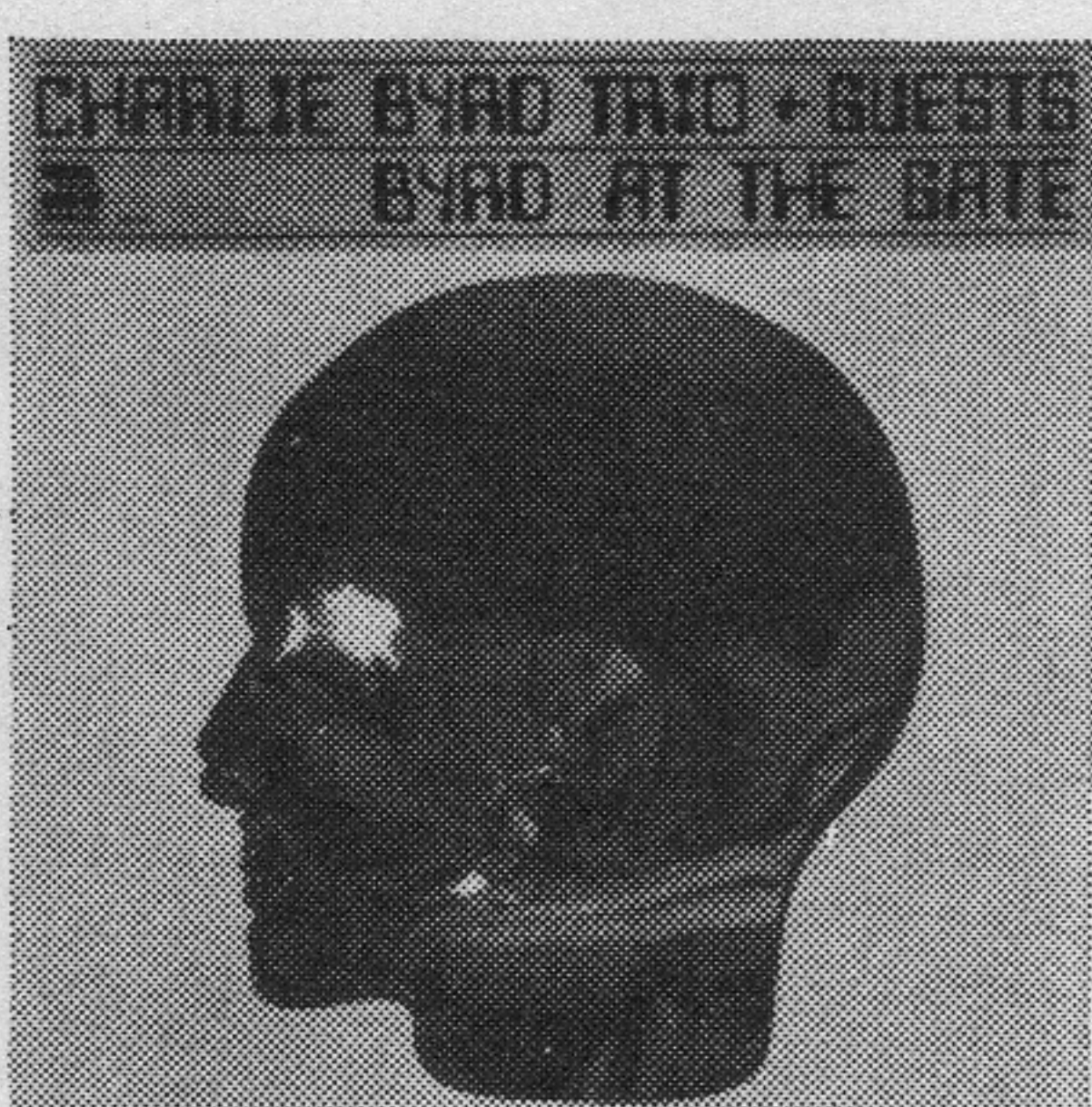
Art Blakey & The Jazz
Messengers/Kyoto/673 013



Coleman Hawkins/with J. J.
Johnson, Barry Galbraith &c./
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Leavin' Me, Baby/673 005



Charlie Byrd/At The Gate/
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Powell/673 010



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